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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Magnolia

When she and he together
Went down the pathway last,
The cardinal preened his feather
On every bough they passed;

And through the glossy branches
They saw Magnolias gleam,
As white as avalanches,
As lovely as a dream.

He said, "The Spring, returning,
Will spill such petals here
When I from battles burning
Come back another year."

Once more Magnolias flower,
Again the cardinals sing.
But she, through sun and shower,
Waits for a sweeter Spring.

Flower Girls

Painting by Henry Clive
Verses by Phyllis McGinley

Barking Men Who Think They Sprang from Dogs

A SQUAD of American and Australian soldiers on patrol in Arnhem Land, on the continent "down under," stopped suddenly at sundown to listen intently.

"Geez," their corporal whispered, "ever hear such barkin'?"

An Australian private who knew some of the weird country by reputation, scratched his head reflectively.

"We're near the Mildjingi country," he said. "That's the dog ancestor clan. My guess is that human dogs are raising all that rumpus."

"Human dogs?" asked the corporal, "what are they?"

"I don't know," said the private, "but I've heard of strange dog-worship rites up here in this land all my life. The black natives revere a dog god that is made out of crude logs and have to cut off its tail each year. We may be in for some strange sights before this night's over."

The noise of the barking grew louder.

"They're coming this way," the Australian said. "I never thought I'd live to see the Mildjingi. Not that I wanted to, because they're mad people and, so I hear, dangerous."

The soldiers did not have long to wait. As the barking "human dogs" drew closer, the corporal and a buddy peered cautiously from behind a sheltering bush and witnessed a sight that few white men have ever seen.

"Human dogs," indeed, were on the prowl. The squad of soldiers had accidentally run across the effigy worshipers of northern Australia who, for centuries, have revered a great wooden "dog" that, they believe, symbolizes their chief forebear, a barking, snarling dog-father of men.

The Australian private, Elton Simpson, said later that he was wrong only in believing that the "dog people" were dangerous.

"We had our weapons ready," he said, "but the 'dog men' ran in all directions. They had been writhing along the ground, hundreds of them, as though they were struggling belly-deep over mud banks, but now they sprang up on all fours and scurried off whining in panic. Hours later, we lured them back and they went ahead with their ceremonies."

The Surprised Soldiers Saw a Strange Procession of Snarling, Yelping Natives Running on All Fours Behind a Crude Effigy of a Dog Carried on the Shoulders of Seven Husky Blacks.

Carrying the effigy of the big dog before them, seven priests held the Malaleuca or four-footed figure high over their heads while their followers scampered along behind like lesser members of the canine race.

"The pack barked constantly, some frothing at the mouth as though they had rabies," Simpson declared. "When they finally quieted down, they cut off the fabric tail of the wooden animal and explained to us that this symbolized the act of a female dog giving birth to puppies."

But if the legend of the Mildjingi natives is at all correct, there is much more to the ceremony than the antics the soldiers on night patrol saw. Often repeated is the story that one of the men each year must be bitten by a rabid dog to make the rites more realistic. Although these black men know that the bite of a mad animal brings inevitable death, they vie for the "honor" of being selected since they believe this bestows immortality. Only after the victim is in the greatest agony is this particular part of the rites conducted. The dying man, according to reports, is bound upon Malaleuca and worshiped with equal reverence.

Only when the last stages of hydrophobia are claiming the "dog man's" life—the victim snarling and biting himself and trying to work free from his thongs to attack the supplicants—do the natives reach the peak of idolatrous frenzy. Then the barking and yelping rises to a mad crescendo.

When the sacrificial tribesman dies, he is cut down from the giant wooden figure of a dog and buried with high honors.

So far as can be learned no white man has had the good—or possibly the bad—fortune to witness these wild and primitive ceremonies. But a few men who have learned a smattering of the tribal lingo have pieced together the savage ritual, part of which the soldiers saw.

It is said that none of the women of the tribe is allowed to witness the procession, on pain of death, but after the victim of dog bite dies it is their special job to prepare the dead hero for burial.

Blind, but She *Spots Planes*

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Mildred Foy of Plaquemine, Louisiana, although blind since the age of nine, is a crack plane spotter. She can warn of the approach of a ship long before it comes in sight.

Often her amazed fellow-watchers on the same listening post never see the craft on which she turns in an accurate report.

Miss Foy identifies its type from the sound of the motors, and gauges its height and speed by the noise range. Her ability to accurately spot planes, according to scientists, is due to nature giving her a keener sense of hearing. This sharpening of auditory power is not unusual.

All plane motors have different sounds. The powerful buzz of the fighter can be distinguished from the deep roar of the multi-motored bomber.

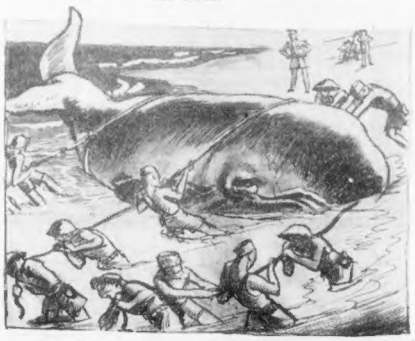
Miss Foy, like a crack pilot, can tell by listening just what's in the air.

The Sightless Girl Not Only Is Able to Hear Planes Before Her Colleagues on the Observation Post, But She Can Identify Many of Them by the Sound of Their Motors.

Whaling *in Reverse*

WHEN a 33-foot whale recently was stranded by the receding tide on a Pacific beach in Panama, a score of American coast artillerymen headed for the surf intent on capturing it.

But when they got to the huge and floundering brute they discovered that it was about to become a mother. So, instead of catching it, the soldiers spent several hours, tugging and pulling to get her off the beach—a feat they achieved only when the tide started back in. Then the sweating "midwives," after a few affectionate pats on her leathery hide, headed the great creature out to sea.



Instead of Killing the Whale the Soldiers Spent Several Hours Getting Her Off the Beach and Back into the Sea.

An actual occurrence in the smashing of a Nazi attack

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE MIGHTY JEEP

A MAGNIFICENT FOOL

A sincere tribute to those Men of God, the ministers, priests and rabbis who walk and work in Faith, in the midst of war . . . whose only weapons are love, prayer, and cool courage . . . the chaplains of America's fighting forces who become deathless heroes . . . without manning guns.

WE were resting at our base in Tunisia—a General and I.

It was just a few days after a heavy engagement with the Nazis, and we had been commenting upon the fine courage and fighting spirit of our American troops.

Abruptly, the General turned to me and said, "Say—do you know *Chaplain C———?*" And I answered, "Yes, I know him!"

"Then," said he, "you know a man who has been called a *fool* and also, one of the *bravest men* of this war. Just listen to this and see what you think." And this is what he told me . . .

"We were fully exposed, the morning the Germans began their counterattack at G——. They got our range with their artillery and we had to get into the trenches and fox holes in a hurry when their dive bombers came at us in swarms.

"Just when I thought I had everything under control, I looked down the road and saw some man crawling towards us through the dim light in a Jeep. It seemed as if this fellow were coming right out of the German lines.

"When I got a better look, I recognized him. It was Chaplain C———. His Jeep was literally shot to pieces, and two of the tires were flat.

"Shells were dropping all around him, but he didn't seem to see them. If he did he didn't care, because he just kept coming. He wasn't making more than six or eight miles an hour through the sand—*but the Jeep kept coming.*

"When he came nearly opposite us I shouted at him:—'Get out of that thing and take cover!' But he paid no attention to me. So I stood up in my trench and yelled—'Did you hear me? Get out of that thing, and take cover.'

"He didn't even stop. He just turned his head and shouted:—'Listen, you! It took me eight months to get this Jeep and I'm not giving it up for anyone!' Just like that.

"I was so mad I couldn't talk, much less shout back at him. But just then a couple of star shells lighted things up as bright as day and I got a good look in the rear of the Chaplain's Jeep.

"There were two wounded American boys in there.

"Then I understood. Chaplain C——— was being a fool. But what a *magnificent* fool.

"As I stood and watched him in his flat-tired Jeep slowly inching his way back to our dressing station, I forgot that shells were bursting around me, too. I felt like kneeling right there in the trench.

"Yes, Chaplin C——— made a 'fool' of himself that day, as he had many times before, and will many times more, I am sure—in selfless, fearless devotion to 'the boys' he loves.

"Is it any wonder they decorated him right there on the field of battle? Is it any wonder they promoted this brave Man of God who seeks no honor but only to serve? And is it any wonder the men who know him say they will follow him *anywhere*—and they *mean* anywhere?"

That was the end of the General's story. What a magnificent fool.

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If you can use reprints of this page in your local war-bond drive, copies for bulletin boards in churches, schools, and elsewhere may be obtained free by writing.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, INC.
TOLEDO, OHIO

When Not Serving as an Unwilling Lend-Lease Weapon for the Melia Crab of India, the Sea-Anemone Catches Its Own Dinner.

Lend-Lease New? Nature Started It

The Melia Crab, When Threatened, Picks Up a Pair of Sea-Anemones and Stands Off Enemies With Their Poisonous Tentacles.

EVERYONE is talking about lend-lease as if it were something new. And it is, in the field of international cooperation. But in the animal world lend-lease is old stuff.

One of the strangest relationships of this kind in nature is the mutual assistance pact between the South American three-toed sloth and tiny parasite plants called algae.

A sloth will hang from a tree branch for hours and do nothing. This lazy hobo habit might make it easy prey for other animals, if its hair did not have colonies of algae to give the creature a gray-green camouflage lawn all over its body.

These algae exactly match in color certain plants which grow thickly on the trees where the animal hangs.

In return for the plant's protection, the sloth gives the algae a good and comfortable home.

An equally strange arrangement is the working agreement between another variety of algae and the huge clams in Australia.

On the Great Barrier Reef off the coast there are giant bivalves four and one-half feet across, big enough to drown any swimmer who gets his foot trapped in the huge jaws.

Yet these clams wouldn't grow to half their size without having assistance from a little ocean algae, grown inside their shells. The plants are not eaten but merely supply oxygen.

In this partnership the algae again gets a comfortable home rent free.

Man's destructive enemy, the termite, would be harmless to civilization without a microscopic protozoa which lives inside its digestive tract.

Termites can chew up wood all right—and they do it to the tune of more than $40,000,000 a year damage—but they never could digest this stolen meal without the little fellow-travelers, the microscopic parasites, in their stomachs.

Scientists have a name for such animal partnerships. It is "symbiosis," derived from the ancient Greek words meaning "living together."

Lend-lease arrangements also work between some animals and birds. The tick bird of Africa practically lives on the back of the rhinoceros and picks annoying insects off its skin. The huge animals tolerate the birds and the birds in turn have a constant source of square meals.

And there is the Nile crocodile that has an advantageous lend-lease working arrangement with a species of plover, which picks the huge reptile's teeth and pays for its lunch by twittering a warning when danger approaches.

Probably closest of all to our present idea of lend-lease is the way in which the militant melia crab of India uses a pair of borrowed stinging sea-anemones to defend himself.

The anemone looks like a gentle garden aster, but really is an animal armed with deadly whiplashes.

The melia crab leases two of these creatures for life and carries them around in his claws.

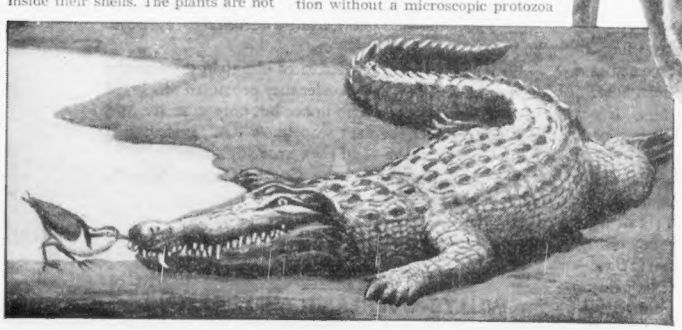
There is no particular advantage in this arrangement for the anemone.

And sometimes the melia does a bit of double-dealing. When no other food is in sight he eats the anemone.

Termites Would Soon Die of Indigestion Without the Horde of Tiny But Indispensable Parasites in Their Stomachs.

The Tick Bird Practically Lives on the Back of the Rhinoceros Where It Makes a Good Meal of Annoying Parasites.

The Sloth, Amiable Animal Hobo, Supports Colonies of Gray-Green Algae That Camouflage It Effectively.



The Crocodile Permits a Plover to Pick Its Teeth as Pay for Warning of Danger.

Muddled Marie and Her Mixed-Up Marriages

At 20, the Pretty Daughter of Socialite Mrs. Saportas Finds Herself With An Ex and Two Current Husbands, All in Uniform

Gordon W. Gillam, Whose Marriage to Ann Marie, When She Was 15, Didn't Jell and Was Annuled.

Marryin' Ann Marie Saportas, New York Debutante, Hasn't Much to Do These Days but Read, Since Both of Her Husbands Are in the Service.

IN the unlikely, but not wholly improbable event that Gordon W. Gillam and First Sergeant Jerome Mark, both of the Army, ever meet up with Marine Lieutenant Allan Thomas Sturges in some foreign foxhole, all three will find that they have something in common.

The something is society matron Marion Tiffany Saportas' "marryin'" daughter, Ann Marie.

Ann Marie wed Gillam when she was fifteen, and now, at twenty, she is the blushing bride of both Sergeant Mark and Lieutenant ("The Marines have landed") Sturges.

Why she should have passed up the Air Corps and the Navy is not known. Maybe she just hasn't had time to get around to them yet.

Everybody seems pretty worked up over Ann Marie's double indemnity except Ann Marie herself.

There are her friends who don't know whether to introduce her as Mrs. Sturges or Mrs. Mark —and, for that matter, sort of hesitate to introduce her at all for fear she'll turn around and marry the introducee.

There are tradesmen, who don't know how to make out her bills.

And, of course, there's her mama, who belongs to the old, or pre-juvenile delinquency school, which holds that one husband at a time is plenty, if not too much (Mrs. Saportas has never re-married after divorcing Ann Marie's papa, the wealthy broker, Martin B. Saportas, back in 1929—a bad year for brokers).

"I wrote to Ann Marie," remarked Mrs. Saportas recently with wonderful self-control, "and asked her how she could get married again when she already has a husband.

"She wrote back, 'Why, Mother, we weren't really married. We were just kids.'"

While this suggests that Ann Marie is keeping her chin up nobly in her sea of troubles, it is scarcely an accurate picture of the situation, because she and Lieutenant Sturges, the gentleman to whom she was referring, really and truly are married.

Poor Ann Marie's Having a Hard Time Trying to Decide Which Spouse to Shed, the Soldier or the Marine.

They first met while both were students at the Addison School, in Rhinebeck, New York.

Ann Marie, then eighteen, had been sent there to make a fresh start after the annulment of her marriage to Mr. Gillam.

There are those who believe that if you fall off a horse or out of an airplane the best thing to do to avoid losing your nerve is to hop right on another horse or into another airplane.

Maybe it was with that theory in mind that Mrs. Saportas sent her daughter to Addison. Nobody knew better than she what had happened the last time Ann Marie had attended a co-educational school: she had married Mr. Gillam, a fellow pupil.

So, now that that was all over and done with, she was packed off to another co-educational school—and what happened?

She married Lieutenant (then plain Mr.) Sturges, a fellow pupil.

Sturges celebrated their nuptials by joining the Marine Corps, which left his bride at loose ends. Ann Marie tied them —the loose ends and herself as well—to First Sgt. Jerome Mark, whom she met on a blind date at Fort Dix.

That the sergeant had no idea that the Marines had landed first is suggested by the loyal promptitude with which he allotted his bride his pay.

Four days after their wedding he was shipped overseas, and according to his sister, Ann Marie collected from the government.

So far there is no indication that she was similarly profiting from the marine.

Last spring Sergeant Mark returned from his foreign assignment and, naturally enough, started looking for his wife. According to his sister, he couldn't find her. She'd entered his life as a blind date and stolen blindly away.

So, in bitterness of spirit, the sergeant cut off the allotment of his pay and reported to a camp in Louisiana, where he is now seething.

"She's only a child and she's ruining her life," Mrs. Saportas says of her daughter. "I hope we can get the marriage to Mr. Sturges annulled and set things right again."

No doubt she is encouraged in this hope by the comparative ease with which the annulment of Ann Marie's marriage to her first husband was obtained.

Mr. Gillam, the son of a stationary engineer, showed the court five dozen love letters from his bride which proved, in his opinion, that she still wanted to be Mrs. Gillam.

Though the court failed to see eye to eye with him, no one denied that they were revealing documents. Take for example this excerpt from one of the last, describing a visit to the home of some friends:

"There was a little four-month-old baby I immediately fell in love with. Gordon, we too should have a baby of our own. I so love one, and a boy. We would call it Gordon. It would be all ours and so wonderful. But it is up to you to make this dream come true. Sometimes I think death would be the easiest way out of all this and then again I wonder why not face it?"

Judging from that, it may be that all she is suffering from is a slight over-development of the usual domestic instincts.

In any case, it's plain that she did decide "to face it" and face it with a vengeance.

Now—out in Hollywood, where she's been making screen tests—she's facing the problem of which husband to get rid of, the soldier or the marine.

The South

New Guinea Cannibals, Believing Their Huge Signal Drums Held the Spirits of Departed Warriors, Often Smeared Them With Human Blood As a Sacrifice.

WHEN the U. S. Marines stormed Guadalcanal, Tarawa and the other South Sea stepping stones many of us thought that violence and death was something extraordinary for those "earthly paradises." Actually, it was only one more red page in their stormy history.

The American Weekly herewith presents the first of a series of salty tales about these Pacific isles, so badly misnamed, the sagas of men who defied cannibals in search of fame and fortune—and found tragedy instead.

Probably no one knows better than the author, Cap'n Gustaf Johnson, real old-time "South Seas Skipper," that truly The Pacific Was Never Calm.

By CAP'N GUSTAF JOHNSON
No. 1 — Blackbirding Off New Guinea

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS? I've been in all of them, from Easter Island to Norfolk, from the Line down to Ross. And right where the fighting is going on now is where I spent most of the days of my youth.

I've been trader, beachcomber—when my luck ran out—pearler, recruiter, supercargo, and I owned my own schooner once, bowling along over the purple sea with a Kanaka in the bow looking for a landful of coral with featherduster palms nodding in the Trades. And as often as not, a fuzzy-headed gang of cannibals waiting to add my topknot to the collection in their tambu house.

My craft was the prettiest tops'l schooner of 115 tons you ever saw 'til she dashed her brains out on a reef up in the Line Islands. Malita, I called her, after—well—after a friend of mine.

I was recruiting up and down the New Guinea Coast. That was in the days when Woodlark, the island our boys took back last September, was one of the best goldfields in the expansive Pacific.

There wasn't enough island labor so we used to go over to New Guinea and "make paper" with the coast boys for two-year contracts in the mines.

Cap'n Gustaf Johnson, Now 76, As He Looked When He Sailed the Southern Seas.

IN MY DAY we didn't bother with licenses; just sent out boats stern first to a likely beach and offered them trade and fancy geegaws to persuade them to come with us.

I had barbed-wire rigged along the rails and my crew stood by with revolvers when the outriggers came out. If they left their weapons in their canoes they could come aboard and take a look-see in the trade room and see what the papalangi had to give for their copra, tortoise shell, beche de mer, sandalwood and pearls.

I used to get boys from the Markhams. That's near where Lae was — until our boys blasted it off the map.

I'd float a stick of dynamite on a plank with a long fuse so it would go off about fifty yards from the ship. That signal would carry way inland. Then I'd put off boats; mine were always painted red to show the suspicious bushmen just who they were dealing with.

I'd take one, my mate the other and, well armed, we'd back in a little way off shore and display our trade goods; red calico, mirrors, beads, tomahawks, knives and such.

And last of all would come the lulual, the chief, all dressed up in mud and a dirty white coat and gee-string, with a hooked club in his fist.

I had to go softly in case someone before me had kidnaped any of them, or sold them guns. Some dogs did even that. And if any injury had been done by a white—well, any white head would do to pay the tambu.

But my conscience is clean. I never double-crossed them.

WOODLARK, like most of the islands, was a pretty spot, flat at one end and rising to great hills at the other. There were plenty of good harbors although they are guarded with ugly reefs.

Once inside there were a few trading stores. In one bar run by a Chinese, the miners hung out. They were a hard-bitten lot; whalemen deserters, hard cases from Sydney, beachcombers, pearlers, schooner skippers — all on the make.

One of them got his comeuppance though. He called himself the Dinkum Kid.

He pretended to be square Aussie but he was a half-caste. Six foot two he was, and broad as a door. A crop of curly black hair came to an inch of his thick brows and he had black eyes that had come from his native mother.

The Dinkum Kid had most of his teeth knocked out when he was a Sydney pork-and-beaner. So he was fitted with false ones. And those crockery teeth were a great help to him in his trading.

He'd been crawling up and down the New Guinea Coast in the Malolo Girl, picking up a load of shell here or a few bags of beche de mer when he heard a miner grumbling about labor.

"Them Trobriand boys ain't wuth their salt," the man said. "They'm Polyneslans. I want some powerful black fellers who know what the whip is."

"I can get 'em, digger," the Kid said. 'What'll yer pay?"

"I'll pay $75 a head delivered here."

NEXT DAY the Kid made for the Sepik country, up beyond the Wewak. Now that isn't or wasn't a healthy place for any white.

The Kid backed his boats in to the beach and watched the bushmen under the trees. He and his mates were armed with guns and the New Ireland boys had blunderbuses stuffed with potleg.

He threw a few handfuls of beads ashore to bring 'em out and soon the lulual stepped out of cover.

"Hey, Lulual," called the Kid. "Which feller man you got 'gree makim paper?"

(How many men have you got to make labor contracts?)

"No got," growled the chief.

"Deo b'long me no like," the Kid answered and jutted his false teeth over his lip.

Those bushmen yelled like banshees and ran.

"Over their heads!" yelled the Kid.

All hands fired at the bush above the running savages and branches and leaves fell down ahead of them and stopped them dead.

The white man was standing on the beach grinning and making signs of friendship.

"Maskee," (never mind) grinned the Kid. "You—feller come along schooner. Plenty bulla-macow (meat) plenty kai-kai (food) plenty lap-lap (cloth). Gotim gin."

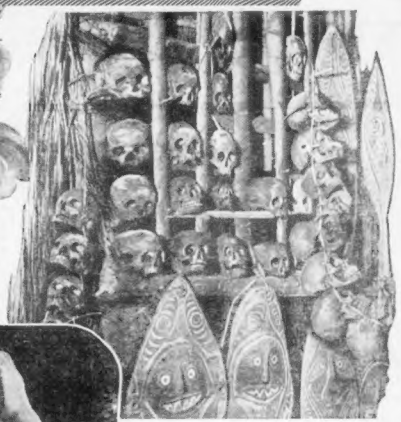
The Kid got aboard the boat and they pulled back to the schooner.

"They'll be out in a few minutes," the Kid said. "Mister Mate, rig some ballast over the

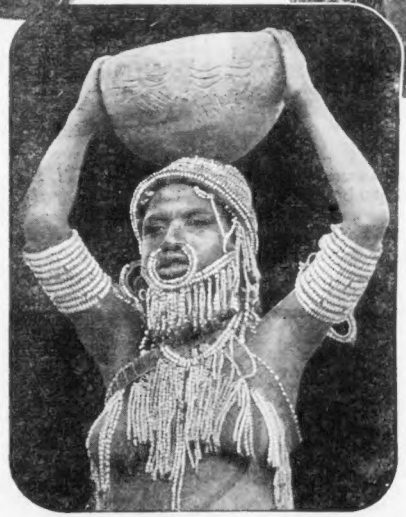
Seas Were Never Calm

Victorious Headhunters Dance and Heap Their Trophies Before the Skulls Taken in the Raids.

When the Dinkum Kid Came To, He Found Himself Bound and Helpless. The Cannibals Had Stuck the Mate's Head on a Tall Spear and Were Capering About, Grinning Through the Sickening Sweet Smoke.



The Dinkum Kid's Skull, His False Teeth Tied in Place, Eventually Turned Up in One of These Tambu Houses—the Cannibals' Hall of Fame.



A New Guinea "Mary" Daubs on Her Glamour Like a Hollywood Star—But It's Clay and Grease, and Her Frock Is a Thousand Beads.

rails. Tack some lap-lap down in the hold."

Two long canoes came out, both piled with copra and shell.

"Longside," called the Kid. "Get one canoe under that ballast," he whispered to the mate.

One canoe docked below four pigs of iron hoisted ten feet above the rail. The other canoe-load climbed aboard with their trade, leaving weapons behind.

"Go below look'im trade," the mate invited, nodding towards the yawning hold.

Eagerly they shoved forward and down the stairs covered with gaudy scraps of printed cotton.

"Slap the covers on!" yelled the Kid. "Leggo that ballast!"

In an instant the heavy hatch covers were dropped in place leaving the yelling natives in pitch darkness.

Meanwhile the mate cut the line that held the iron and it crashed through the thin canoe below, leaving twenty-odd men floundering in the shark-infested water.

"Club 'em!" roared the Kid.

Yelling Kanakas banged at the heads and dragged them aboard the boats. In less than twenty minutes fifteen dripping, groaning natives were crouched on the schooner deck.

"Shove 'em below," laughed the Kid. "Now leave 'em there to starve; that'll tame 'em."

The Malolo Girl heeled to a breeze and by the time the war canoes were clear of the shore she was hull down.

Now the Dinkum Kid must have kidnaped thirty-odd bushmen from that beach. But all he landed at Woodlark was twenty-five.

The Kid was due soon for a frightful lesson.

ABOUT a year after the Sepik trouble he decided to go for more labor. Said he was going back to the New Guinea Coast too.

Some one said he was crazy; he'd get himself cut out.

"Lissen, Cobber," he said to the man who spoke. "I hin around the Islands more than any-one here; I know the Kanakas. Them black fellers forget everything in a week or so. They won't know me from Adam."

He put off and decided to anchor off the coast between Wewak and Aitapo.

When he arrived he set off his dynamite and next morning sent in his boat. There was a heavy thudding up in the hills.

The boat pulled in and he landed, the mate and bosun watching with their guns ready. To the right about a hundred yards off was a jutting point covered with thick bush.

"Look out, Cap'n, there they are."

A silent group of natives stood under the trees.

"Maskee," called the Kid, dragging his revolver out. "Hey, you, black feller, what name lulual b'long you?"

"Look out!" yelled the mate.

A musket banged and a long canoe shot out from that wooded point.

"Rouse!" yelled the Kid, firing into the advancing natives. One dropped, then another musket banged and the Kid screamed and turned to run back to the boat.

"Come back, you yellow sons," he shouted.

A long arrow slashed his arm and he screamed again and turned to fire. But the natives stood at the edge of the bush watching. The long canoe surging forward under many paddles was cutting off the boat.

The mate fired into it and some paddlers were shoved overboard but the rest came on.

The canoe ran alongside the boat and he could see the black figures struggling fiercely and bravely against the glare of the sea.

Now the canoemen were yelling and they pulled back to shore, towing the schooner boat behind them. They made for the Kid but he stumbled back on to the beach.

He jutted his false teeth and the natives cringed back. But a tall, wasp-waisted brave banged him on the head with a club and he dropped.

He came to to find himself fast to a palm. The schooner was out to sea. The mate's head was on a spear.

There was a pit covered with weed from which came a horrid, savory smoke. The bushmen crouched about it and their teeth gleamed as they chattered like monkeys.

Someone saw that he was conscious and a grinning native approached, the horizontal bone gleaming in his nose. He flourished a knife.

The Kid felt him grip his hand. Then he screamed with terrible agony.

The native showed him his severed finger and carried it back to his companions.

I heard some of the tale from a missionary who said that the Kid had been kept alive while they cut off his fingers and toes one by one.

After that heaven knows what torture they put him through before he died.

It's not a nice thing to say, but I can't help thinking he deserved everything he got. He'd cheated them, murdered them and in putting them to slavery inflicted on those free savages worse torture than they put him through....

Later, in a tambu house was found a skull with false teeth tied to it with rattan strips.

And that was the end of the Dinkum Kid.

No one mourned him for he made the island trade hard for us all.

Next week Cap'n Johnson will tell the graphic story of "The Corrector of Noumea."

1. *WIFE!* She knows that her husband can carry on the war pace of his job only if she keeps his home a peaceful, happy place for his hours of rest and relaxation. She's a loving and lovable person, doing a fine job of homemaking. A salute for being that kind of wife.

2. *MOTHER!* She guards her youngsters' health, both body and mind. She sees that they get, every day, the foods they need—from the "Basic 7" Nutrition Groups. And, sensing their shock from wartime headlines, she calmly explains why American men go off to fight.

3. *PURCHASING AGENT!* She cheerfully accepts rationing as the fair way of sharing. She sympathizes with dealers—with her meat dealer particularly, who often cannot give her just the cut she wants, or the Swift's brands of beef and other meats she'd prefer to have.

Her SEVEN jobs all help win the war!

4. *COOK!* She cooks with care to save nutritive values. She makes the most of meat—cuts down shrinkage loss by cooking at low temperatures; prepares *attractive* dishes from leftovers; learns how to cook every kind of cut so as to develop maximum tenderness and flavor.*

5. *SALVAGE EXPERT!* She wastes nothing, for she knows that Food Fights for Freedom. She uses every bit of leftovers, even bones are saved for flavoring soups. She regularly takes to her dealer the drippings of fat that have no further cooking use.

6. *WAR WORKER!* She joins whole-heartedly in the community projects of civilian defense. Busy with her fingers, she sends neat bandages on far errands of mercy. And (to her it is a matter of special pride) the honored list of blood donors includes her name.

7. *WAR BOND BUYER!* She does without things she wants so fighting men will have the things they need. More than ten percent of her husband's pay goes into War Bonds—and extra dollars she saves in her household budget. Swift salutes Mrs. America, Patriot.

***FOR TENDER, DELICIOUS POT ROAST**... Start with good beef, a Swift's brand round-bone pot roast if available. Season; dredge with flour; brown well in hot fat. Browning intensifies flavor. Add a small amount of water. Don't "drown the meat". Cover and cook slowly on top of range or in oven, about 2½ hrs. for 4-5 lb. roast. Cook onions with the roast, sprinkle with paprika; serve with noodles and pan gravy.

SWIFT'S BRANDS OF BEEF

Swift's Premium · Swift's Select · Swift's Arrow

These brand names identify the finest beef. Under wartime conditions Swift's brands may not always be available. They remain, however, your best guides to quality. Ask for them.

MEAT
is materiel of War!

Money Burned Their Fingers

Little Roy Whalen Got $2,000 From "Mr. X," Because He Liked His Father's Cab Driving.

Harry "Mr. X" McLean, Whose Hobby Is Giving Away Money.

Mrs. Wilkinson Did Her Best But Couldn't Quite Spend Her $30,000,000 a Year Income.

It's Easy Come, Easier Go for That Riotous, Wacky Crew of Wastrels, the Cavalcade of Spenders Who Threw Their Money Away for Gold Bathtubs, Diamond Studs, Bullfights and $10,000 Hats.

By J. P. McEVOY

OF course you read that yarn not long ago about a mysterious Mr. X who turned up at a soldiers' hospital in Toronto, floated through the wards, handing out hundred-dollar bills to patients and nurses and then after he had given away several thousand dollars, vanished.

Who was he? Where did the money come from? Why did he give it away? Did these questions occur to you? Me, too.

Maybe he would be leaving Canada on a trip. The least I could do would be to welcome him to the U. S. But how would I recognize him?

He turned out to be Harry Falconer McLean, president of several big construction companies, several times a millionaire—and a Scotchman!

For ten years he has been doing this thing. Canadian reporters have followed him, watching him carry on this fabulous campaign of generosity, and keeping his identity a secret.

One of Mr. X's gifts went to Baby Roy Whalen, who got $2,000 because Mr. X liked Roy's father's cab-driving. And Eugenia Montez and Victoria Lopez, with other girls in a Canadian "magic show," got mink coats from the anonymous spender.

Some day the films should get around to doing a Cavalcade of Fabulous Spenders. "Coal Oil Johnny," will be in it, and "Death Valley Scotty," Mrs. Smith Wilkinson will rate a scene and so will the Marquis of Hastings.

There will be bigger spenders than McLean in such a picture—Max Lebaudy, the "Little Sugar Bowl" of Paris, who inherited $15,000,000 and got rid of it in two years. But McLean will rate a special role as the only authentic Scotch spendthrift in history.

McLean has another distinction. He is self-made the hard way and gives his money away with the definite purpose of making other people happy. When his identity became known he was disturbed that the publicity would ruin the pleasure he gets out of giving anonymously.

I think my favorite character in this cavalcade when it is made will be "Coal Oil Johnny" Steele, who fell heir to his aunt's estate in 1864.

At 21, Johnny had two million dollars. At 25 he was broke.

There was the day he was snooted by a ritzy clerk in Philadelphia—so he leased the hotel for the day at the cost of $10,000, to fire the clerk. (Hollywood legend has it that Mae West did something on this order, except that Mae bought an apartment house and in typical Mae West fashion made money out of it).

"Coal Oil Johnny" bought $8,000 worth of clothes in a day; fell in love with a vaudeville company, bought a special train for the hoofers and acrobats and rode them all over the country. A cabble refused to take him—too busy—so Johnny bought the outfit, rode around and then gave it back to the cabbie.

At this point the camera will move away from "Coal Oil Johnny"—there will be no point in showing the half-century of poverty which followed this spree and his suicide.

There will be plenty of color in our movie Cavalcade of Spendthrifts.

There's Marquis of Hastings, a pixie Englishman of the last century, who wagered his inheritance on a single horse race, and then lost everything when his entry was beaten by a hundred-to-one shot.

I mentioned Max Lebaudy, whose father left $63,000,000 divided among his three sons and a daughter. Hollywood would sum up the fantastic extravaganza of Max in one exotic episode:

Mademoiselle Marsy, concert hall singer, wanted to see a Spanish bull fight, but she wanted it right outside Paris. Max built a duplicate of the Plaza de Toros in Valencia on his estate outside of Paris, hired Juan Velasco, famous bullfighter, and paid him $50,000 to cancel his Spanish engagements for a few days.

Where "Coal Oil Johnny" Bought a Train for a Vaudeville Troupe, "Mr. X" Buys Mink Coats for Eugenia Montez and Victoria Lopez and the Other Girls in a Magic Show.

Other characters must have come to your mind—Diamond Jim Brady who had a completely different outfit of huge diamond, emerald and ruby studs, rings and cuff links for every day in the month, and thought nothing of giving chorus girls $1,000 each for attending his parties. Once he put a million dollars in cash in Lillian Russell's lap and told her it was all hers if she would marry him. The fade-out on this scene is when Lillian says "No."

But perhaps our Coruscant Cavalcade would finish with that prosaic sounding character, Mrs. Smith Wilkinson, who inherited a fortune from her first husband and pyramided it until she boasted an annual income of $30,000,000.

"I can't spend it as fast as it comes in," is the way she put it, "but I'm willing to try." In 21 days she shot $5,000,000 in Paris. How? Well two items were a ten-thousand-dollar hat, and a $3,000,000 jeweled crown. In 1921 she bought diamond-studded shoes by the gross and went in for $50,000 dancing lessons.

Our friend McLean—the mysterious Mr. X—confesses that he received 27,000 letters, cards and telegrams from women "who would like to be married to a man like me."

When Boy meets Girl in our Cavalcade of Spendthrifts the plot must call for a romance between Mr. X and Mrs. Wilkinson, and when the wedding is shot not only will they give the bride away but everything else.

Science's Newest Gains Against Infantile Paralysis

Clues Uncovered When the Vicious Crippler Struck Down 12,000 Pathetic Victims Last Year Offer New Hope of Preventing Child Tragedies Like This. Medical Experts Are Now Seeking to Determine Exactly What Mysterious Agent Transmits the Paralysis.

The Polio Virus Magnified 50,000 Times (Inside Circles) Was First Isolated and Photographed by the Swedish Drs. Gard and Tiselius in 1943.

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

DURING the past year infantile paralysis, dread crippler of little children, struck down 12,000 victims in the United States in the third worst epidemic in its history, killing some, maiming others and mysteriously touching a few so lightly they scarcely even suspected they were ill.

Yet medical experts, far from being discouraged by this terrible toll, found in it clues that gave them new hope of at last uncovering the trail—or perhaps numerous trails—of the phantom polio virus.

For the first time, early last year, doctors peered through powerful electron microscopes and actually saw, and photographed, the virus that causes poliomyelitis—the scientific term for infantile paralysis.

Then, with the criminal properly identified for the medical Rogues' Gallery, the long hunt started for the agent that transmitted the virus to thousands of pathetic victims all over the country.

One way experts hope to conquer the disease is by finding out how infantile paralysis travels from person to person, from place to place.

The same question was asked and answered in the conquest of yellow fever and malaria.

Man was able to wipe out those dread diseases only when science had at last learned that mosquitoes transmit them.

But long, expensive and heart-breaking research that cost some of the workers their lives went into the job of proving those mosquitoes guilty of cooperating with the deadly germs.

For the sake of little sufferers it now is urgent that any animal or insect confederate of the polio virus also be put under control as soon as possible.

That deadly virus was found lurking in numerous and widely separated unsuspected places last year.

During the peak of the epidemic in Chicago it was discovered, in heavy concentration, in samples of water taken from a drainage canal which runs through the center of the city. This pointed, though not conclusively, to the possibility that infantile paralysis may be spread through sewage disposal.

Play Isn't Easy for This Little Girl, With That Nasty Brace Always In the Way. Pennies, Dimes and Dollars Will Help Science Eventually Conquer Infantile Paralysis.

But polio also raged in sparsely settled sections of Utah, striking down victims who were separated by 30 or 40 miles of clean, mountain air. These people had not been in contact with each other. There was no question of virus in sewers.

What caused the infantile paralysis in these cases?

No one knows, but the suspicion rests on transmission by insects, birds, or wild animals. Pinning the "carrier" tag to one individual species in this neighborhood is the job that faces polio research workers now.

Another clue cropped up early last year in White Plains, near New York City. Dr. William Holla, Health Commissioner of Westchester County, reported finding infantile paralysis virus in dead mice in the homes of five victims of the disease.

Immediately the house mouse became suspect.

But tests carried out on this mouse-borne polio virus by Dr. Gilbert Dalldorf, Chief of the Laboratories at Grasslands Hospital, Eastview, New York, and Dr. Claus Jungeblut, of the Department of Bacteriology of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, gave no conclusive proof that the rodent actually had been responsible for spreading the disease.

Yet circumstantial evidence will keep the little house mouse under close inspection until he is proved innocent beyond a doubt—or turns out to be guilty.

Another important discovery made in the small village of Knox, N. Y., last year, was the fact that seemingly well people may harbor the virus in their systems and be carriers, passing on a severe case to someone else.

There were five cases of polio in the town, a high rate for such a small place. No one knew where the outbreak started.

State health officials got busy and checked up on everyone who had had any kind of sickness just before the paralysis epidemic.

They found that nearly 85 per cent of the children under 19 who had been in contact with the victims were carriers of the polio virus. About 50 per cent of the grown-ups were carriers, too.

Half of these people were perfectly well. The other half had only minor symptoms which they certainly didn't connect with infantile paralysis.

Yet any one of them might innocently have passed on the virus to some child who might have been seriously crippled for life.

The disease seems to be growing both stronger and more versatile as years go by—another reason why there shouldn't be any delay in wiping it out.

A half century ago, polio victims were all babies and young children. Today many teen-aged youngsters and men and women between the ages of 30 and 60 are being stricken.

That's why science suspects that the polio virus may be changing its chemical nature. A changed virus molecule may become more resistant and, therefore, harder to beat.

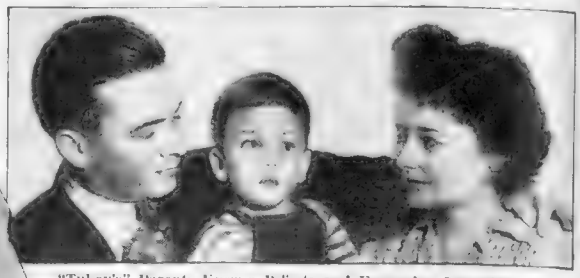
In spite of war's demands on manpower there are able scientists giving their time to fighting infantile paralysis. But time alone won't do the trick.

The current 1944 fund-raising campaign will need to pull in more dollars, and dimes, than ever before. Not everyone can be a scientific detective and help follow the new clues that were found in 1943. But everyone can send at least a few pennies to aid that sleuthing mission.

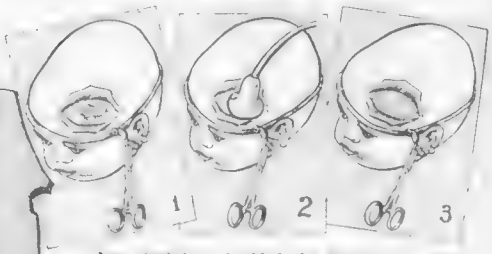
A RIVETER'S WIFE GETS LOTS OF DIRTY CLOTHES TO WASH— BUT DUZ CLEANS 'EM EASY!
DUZ
DUZ does Everything—
ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH!
1 BELIEVE YOU ME! DUZ CAN'T BE BEAT FOR GETTING GRIMY OVERALLS CLEAN
2 SO PROUD OF MY TOWELS NOW! THEY COME DAZZLING WHITE IN DUZ ALONE... NO NEED FOR BAR SOAP!
3 YET DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS —SAFER EVEN FOR PRETTY RAYON UNDIES. HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER!
DUZ does MORE!
A man at work on a wartime job means different washes for you—bigger—dirtier—tougher. You couldn't ask for a better helper than DUZ, Procter & Gamble's new kind of soap. This washday wonder just can't be beat for getting clothes clean and white easy.
But that's not all. DUZ is also safer for colors than any other leading granulated washday soap—safer even for rayon undies. And lady! DUZ the dishes, too—DUZ is kinder to hands —see how soft and smooth it leaves 'em. DUZ *really* does everything!
Measure DUZ in a cup or glass. A little DUZ a lot.
Soak clothes in clear, cool water before washing.
Use the same DUZ suds for several loads of clothes.

Spared by a Double Miracle

Few Little Boys of Two Have, Fortunately, Had Errol "Tukey" Bannister's Experience With Miracles



"Tukey's" Parents Knew a Delicate and Expensive Operation Was Necessary to Prevent a Chance Bump From Pushing the Shattered Bone Fragments Into Their Son's Brain.



New Techniques Enabled the Surgeons to Lift Open the Scalp (1) and Expose the Skull Fragments on Little "Tukey's" Brain. These Were Then Tucked Back Into Their Normal Position by a Vacuum Machine; and the Replaced Fracture Was Covered and Held in Place by Gelatine, Adhesive Which Is Absorbed as Healing Takes Place.

The First Part of "Tukey's" Miraculous Experience Happened When He Fell From a Fifth Floor, Landed Head First on the Sidewalk and Lived.

By HARRY H. MORGAN

U

[illegible] modern surgery, removed an impending [illegible] when a surgeon [illegible] that was pressing against Tukey's brain and removed from the delicate tissue [illegible] would have remained a permanent peril throughout the boy's [illegible]

Self-effacing medical men perhaps no longer see anything miraculous in such an operation. But it is possible only because of advanced methods of technique evolved in recent years from tireless efforts of surgical trail blazers.

Such operations are rare, but their rarity, doctors say, is not due to the lack of ability to perform them, but to the fact that there are few opportunities to achieve such surgical feats. Most persons with skulls cracked as badly as Tukey's don't live long enough to reach the operating table.

Tukey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Bannister of Los Angeles, were in Amarillo, Tex., early last November. They were returning from a visit with Mrs. Bannister's family in Charlotte, N. C., and had stopped to see Tukey's uncle, Paul Hager, who was stationed at a near by army air field.

Mrs. Bannister was on the [illegible] in their hotel room, playing with the baby. The head of the bed stood against an open window.

[illegible] things around [illegible] depressed spot [illegible] The brain specialist confirmed [illegible] ments of the [illegible] An immediate [illegible] advised.

The [illegible] had encountered [illegible] without immediate [illegible] bear the costs of [illegible] ten and after [illegible] An appeal was made [illegible] the Los Angeles Examiner, "a kind-hearted person who [illegible] tend a loan on Tukey's life.

"We are not asking charity," [illegible] nister, a shipyard worker, explained. "We already have spent almost [illegible] cent we have trying to save [illegible] life. We'd like a loan of $500. [illegible] pay it back."

Sympathetic citizens responded [illegible] But the first and most [illegible] offer to advance the entire [illegible] came from a noted motion-picture star, who asked that she be allowed to grant the loan. Her gracious [illegible] was accepted with gratitude.

Before Tukey was taken to the surgery, the actress visited [illegible] in the hospital. She spent [illegible] hour with the boy and [illegible] Tukey's own lips who [illegible] part.

"You're a pretty lady."

In the operating room [illegible] surgeons began the [illegible] part [illegible] of the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The River-Barge Countess Has Lost Her Count

Wilma, the Barge Captain's Cinderella-Like Daughter, Receiving Her Guests at a "Dutch Treat" Coming-Out Party That Started as a Jape to Satirize Brenda Frazier's Debut.

GIVEN a few minutes advance notice, cafe society can whip up a reasonable facsimile of almost anything.

Take the story of Cinderella, for [illegible].

It had been kicking around a [illegible] The boys in the bistros thought it could stand refurbishing: new clothes, new people and modern [illegible]

So they presented Wilma (Winkie) Baard, the beautiful daughter of a New York barge captain, labelled her "The Poor Man's Brenda Frazier" and presented her with a [illegible] debut.

[illegible] they chortled [illegible] charming protégée upped and married a real streamliner [illegible] C. Bunny."

"What did the Brothers Grimm have that we [illegible] cafe society of [illegible]

[illegible] the other part of the fairy tale," they said. "Maybe we can [illegible] East [illegible]

[illegible] the Brothers [illegible] one thing cafe society lacked [illegible] which the Brothers Grimm could pass off with a simple: "And they lived happily ever after."

In fact, cafe society's reasonable facsimile has [illegible] ence of being tapped by the FBI as an alleged Nazi [illegible]

[illegible] candidates for Prince [illegible] as black an eye as that.

Cafe socialites feel very, very [illegible] about it all, because it [illegible] one thing they pride themselves on—and with [illegible] to spot a phony.

Even to the most suspicious among them, this gentleman, a youthful Spanish grandee named Carlos Vejerano y Cassina, seemed the goods. All the aristocratic stud books had him listed as a bona fide cousin or something of Spain's foremost nobleman, the exalted Duke of Alba.

Moreover, he's handsome as a chorus girl's dream (you ought to see that natty little moustache and that slick black hair), and always had plenty of what it takes.

His looks and his birth are still above reproach, but the source of his cash and some of the episodes of his romantic career have begun to acquire a kind of dubious appearance.

For example, E. E. Conroy, special FBI agent for the New York area, says that while Vejerano, or Count Nava de Tajo as his nightclub pals call him, was serving as a lieutenant with the forces of Francisco Franco during the Spanish Civil War he became chummy with some of Franco's Nazi allies.

Model Wilma (Winkie) Baard and (Left) Her Prince Charming, Count Nava de Tajo, Who Turned Out to Be an Alleged Nazi Agent.

Nor were these auld acquaintances forgot, it is alleged, when he went to Berlin and Munich to recuperate from the wounds he had received in the field, or, later, after the fall of France, when he went to live at Biarritz, the famous society playground.

It was in the resort, Mr. Conroy asserts, that his plans to act as an agent in this country matured. He had met many rich and influential Americans during their foreign travels, and through them, it is charged, expected to meet many more, especially members of Congress, whose private views on the likelihood of U. S. participation in the war were of value to the Nazis.

Given this assignment, Mr. Conroy says, Vejerano received a down payment of $1,000 for his anticipated services and migrated to New York, ostensibly as the representative of a Spanish shipping line. According to the charges, he was to use his father in Spain as a "mail drop" sending him hot letters for forwarding to Germany.

Whether or not his letters ever contained any such [illegible]

known, but, what with [illegible] romance to Wilma, [illegible] made pretty hot [illegible]

The [illegible] skiing [illegible] consequence she spent a [illegible]

A group of gay young men-about-Manhattan [illegible] Arno and McClelland Barclay and columnist Lucius (Snoot If You Must) Beebe, made up their minds to [illegible] right by her neglected [illegible]

The $50,000 debut of Brenda [illegible] gave them a [illegible] it. They would stage a [illegible] of their own, a glamour-debut to end all glamour-debuts.

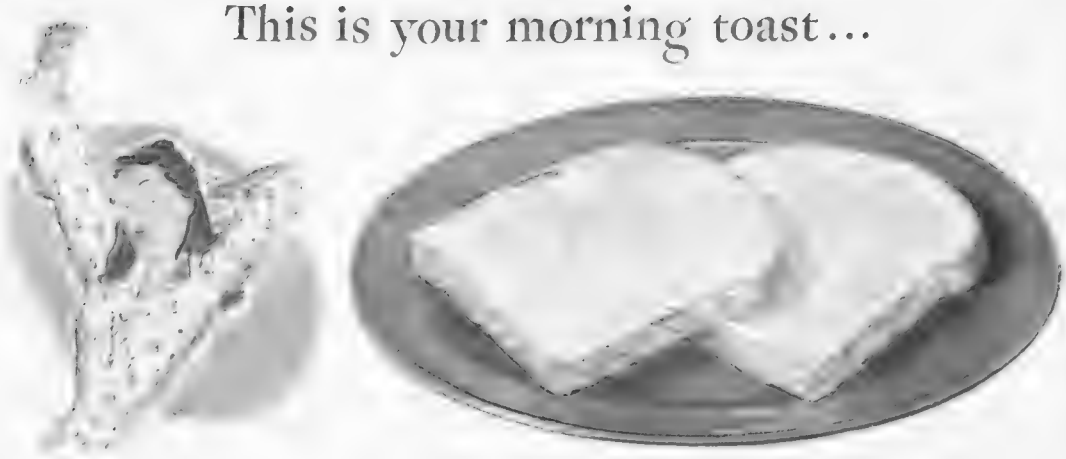
So they banded together and, calling themselves Wilma's "Dutch Uncles" in recognition of her Dutch ancestry, presented that young lady in toto—to a glittering assemblage of movie stars and cafe socialites, on a strictly Dutch treat basis.

The receiving line [illegible] prominent people and a [illegible] gals who had come to sneer [illegible] mained to applaud the [illegible] modesty which Wilma displ[illegible]

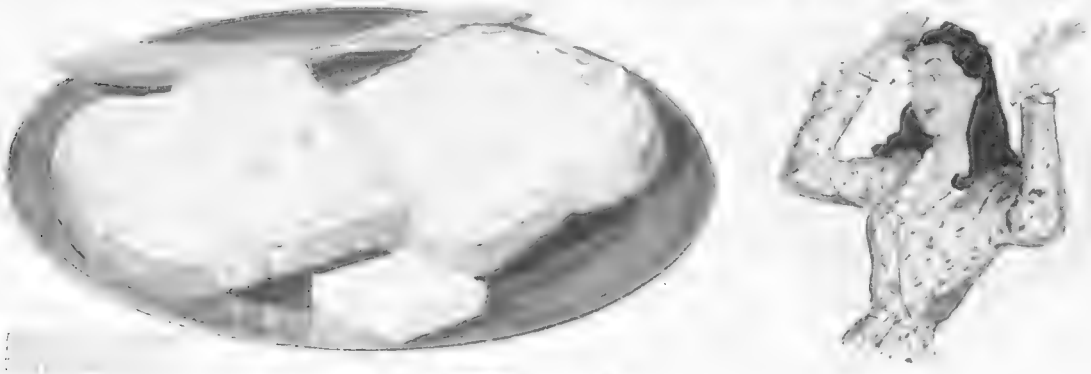
Afterwards, instead of [illegible] home in her pumpkin coach, [illegible] thetic debutante lingered [illegible] the celebrities and a whi[illegible] crumbled to the charms of [illegible]

It is to be hoped that [illegible] uncles did not disband and [illegible] themselves from her, foll[illegible] members for if ever a [illegible] be [illegible] fa[illegible]

This is your morning toast...



This is your morning toast ...



DELICIOUS Parkay MARGARINE MAKES A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE!

Life begins at the breakfast table, so treat yourself to the best! Golden brown, mouth-watering goodness . . . that's what a truly delicious spread can do to give your toast real personality. And it is because Parkay Margarine tastes so good with a host of everyday foods that it is a favorite in millions of homes throughout America.

There are many things that contribute to Parkay quality and delicate, satisfying flavor. It is made by Kraft from carefully selected American farm products. It is made in modern, up-to-date plants, spic and span as a model kitchen. It is made by skilled craftsmen long experienced in the processing of fine foods to be sold to you under the Kraft label.

One of the Best Energy Foods

Parkay Margarine is one of the best energy foods you can serve . . . adds important nourishment to hot rolls, muffins, pancakes and when used to season numerous hot cooked vegetables like potatoes and carrots.

Many foods you serve contain no Vitamin A . . . so when you serve them with Parkay at every meal you add dependable amounts of this important vitamin. Each pound contains no less than 9,000 units of Vitamin A.

Parkay Margarine bears the seal of acceptance of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

We all stand to lose if we don't hold prices down!

If prices go up and out of bounds we all stand to lose—for you will be able to buy less for the same amount of money. Should prices break through their ceilings, millions of people with fixed incomes would suffer.

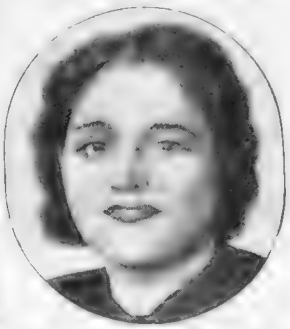
So here's how every one of us can help "hold the line" against rising prices and their dreaded aftermath—inflation:

1. *Buy—and hold—all the War Bonds you can afford.*
2. *Pay willingly any taxes that our country needs.*
3. *Provide for your future through savings and life insurance.*
4. *Pay off old debts—and make no new ones.*
5. *Suffer rationing—pay no more than ceiling prices.*
6. *Buy only what you need—make what you have last longer.*

Lived and Died the Adopted Daughter of a Spook

The Spirit of a Puritan Maid Described Patience Before Her Birth, Dictated Her Whole Life—And Maybe Her Death

"Soon Will My Voice Be Mute!" the Ghostly Guide Told Little Patience's Earth Mother. Shortly Afterward Mrs. Curran Died.



Little Patience Worth Curran (Left) Whose Adoption and Upbringing Were Managed by Messages From the Spirit World, at Least Until She Became Mrs. Max Behr (Above).

Mrs. John Howard Curran, Through Whose Ouija-Board the Long-Dead Puritan Sent Messages to Her Foster Child.

PATIENCE WORTH BEHR, the girl who was reared by a ghost, has passed into the spirit world herself.

She died recently of a heart ailment at the age of 27 thus ending an adventure into the occult that was one of the [illegible] spook tales of our time.

It began [illegible] years ago, toward the end of the widespread [illegible] craze.

In St. Louis, Mrs. John Howard Curran, wife of the [illegible] was sitting with [illegible] family [illegible] when the ouija board [illegible] was spelling out a strange message in quaint, old [illegible].

The message [illegible] the spirit of [illegible] Puritan maid who died 300 years ago.

She had been a lace spinner, she advised Mrs. Curran, via the ouija board. She [illegible] wished to bring [illegible] experiences [illegible] earliest childhood and [illegible].

The very first message hinted that Patience was no ordinary lace spinner, to [illegible] it that

"Many times so I lived
Again I live, Patience Worth my name
If thou shalt live, then so shall I
I make my bread by thy hearth."

The Currans and their friends were dumfounded. The next night she returned, and the next.

In the months that [illegible] a torrent of words was spelled out on the ouija board, [illegible] as many as 5,000 at one sitting. Altogether well over 2,000,000 words came through from the ghostly authoress.

Four novels assertedly received this way were published. The first, Mrs. Curran titled "Patience Worth." The succeeding ones, all in the same archaic literary style, were: "A Sorry Tale," "Hope Trubiood" and "The Pot on the Wheel."

Meanwhile, Patience also began to worry about her frustrated maternal instincts.

She ordered Mrs. Curran to adopt a baby. It must be a girl of Scotch-English parentage, as she herself had been. It must have eyes of a certain color, features of a certain type.

Eventually she named a specific person who was expecting a child, a widow who agreed to sign adoption papers before the birth.

The mother-to-be indicated gave birth to a girl with eyes and features as specified and, a few days later, died. The infant became the late Patience Worth Behr.

The unseen Patience gave advice through the ouija on how to save her living namesake, whose hold on life was tenuous. She ordered the first doctor dismissed, and gave recipes for strange herbal medicines. Her orders were carried out.

Little Patience lived, and wore the quaint Puritan clothes her spirit guardian prescribed.

Sometimes when Mrs. Curran scolded her, the child would say, "Ask Patience if I'm wrong!"

Nationwide interest developed. A "Patience Worth" cult sprang up, and the curious flocked to the Curran home in St. Louis to see Mrs. Curran take the supernatural dictation.

Among notables who became interested was Walter Franklin Prince of the Boston Psychical Society. He paid a long visit and wrote an interesting book, "The Case of Patience Worth."

Scientists offered one explanation which leaves out the supernatural. Patience Worth, the invisible, it was pointed out, might be a "dissociated personality" of Mrs. Curran.

When Patience was in her teens the family moved to California, where she married George Peters. She, herself, became a mother, but the ghostly Patience, apparently, had no interest in being a grandmother, and paid no attention to the new child.

The marriage was brief. The couple separated in 1937, and a little later went through the divorce mill. In 1940, Patience became Mrs. Behr.

In 1938, as Mrs. Curran was sitting at the ouija board it spelt out a cryptic message:

"We are nearing farewell. It has been well to speak for a time, but silence is eternal, and soon, too soon,

[illegible] Worth, the long-dead Puritan maid, has never [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Puritan Patience had [illegible]

[illegible] in good health, she observed to her husband:

"I have a queer [illegible] Max, as though this were going to be my last birthday."

A little later the young woman who had been "mothered by a ghost" began to lose weight. She complained of sleeplessness, of an oppressive feeling that descended upon her each night.

A doctor's diagnosis showed a heart ailment, not of a serious nature.

However, she continued to complain of insomnia. And, one night a few weeks ago, after taking a sleeping tablet, she died.

The attending physician pronounced death due to natural causes. But to believers in the ghostly Patience Worth, there was another, less rational answer.

The Puritan Patience, they felt, having realized the earthly experiences she sought, no longer had any use for the human beings through whom she had realized them.

The Sparkling Memoirs of the Broadway Cinderella Who Got Everything She Wanted—Fame, Riches and a Millionaire Prince Charming—But Found Out She Didn't Want Any of Them

Noel Francis, the Socialite Showgirl, Told Peggy to Study, Be Prompt, and Work Hard for Success, Yet This Advice Failed to Make Her Own Career Outstanding.

"I Was Too Tired to Think and Stepped Half Way Out of the Taxi. Blumey Took My Arm, But There Was Something in His Compulsion Which Made Me Stop. I Shuddered. 'I Wouldn't Be Seen With You, Even at Night!' I Couldn't Help Saying as I Shook Off His Grasp."

"I Traded in My Heart"

By Peggy Fears

Although Peggy Fears Was Warned by Helen Morgan She Traded in Her Heart for Fame.

CHAPTER THREE

HELEN MORGAN and I climbed into the taxi [illegible]

[illegible] into a basement. We walked into a warm, musty room, and the door closed behind us quickly. Another door and still another opened until we entered [illegible]

"B[illegible] baby but I did. I couldn't pay the bills, or make a home. I couldn't keep my own baby . . . but, Peggy, somehow I did."

"The music beat [illegible]

[illegible] that I must protect her.

Helen and I were going to her waiting cab, when out of the darkness a man appeared. I recognized him as Howard Dietz, famed composer, who had written "Dancing in the Dark."

I wished that he had heard Helen sing that night. He could have helped me help her. But now it was late [illegible]

[illegible] "I've got [illegible] o'clock.

[illegible]

THE [illegible]

[illegible] unwanted lecture.

"I've got to find Helen!" I cried. "She can really sing, really!" I rushed out of Noel's apartment through the wide lobby to the street.

There was no sign of Helen but at the curb directly in front of me was a long, green town car.

Blumey got out of the car and came over to me.

"I've followed you all night!" he said.

Without a word I signalled a cab, got in and slammed the door. I told the driver to go [illegible]

Irene met me at the door. I saw an ominous [illegible] on the table.

[illegible]

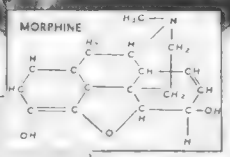
Next week Peggy Fears tells the exciting events which kept her in the theatre world and her adventures with some of its celebrities.

Stop Look Listen

When the Prescription Says "DOPE"

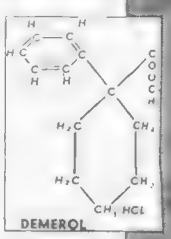
By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Famous Science Analyst

After a Broken Love Affair Brenda Dean Paul, Leader of London's Patrician Younger Set, Found "Heavenly Exaltation" in Morphine That Left Her, in 3 Years, a Trembling Wreck.



Natural Alkaloids Like Morphine Cause Addiction—the Body Tissues Literally Thirst for the Drug.

Between Convulsions the Sufferer's Drug-Starved Brain Conjured Up Imps and Slimy Monsters and Even the Grinning, Severed Head of a Friend.



Coal Tar Synthetics Like Demerol May Cause a Habit—the Mind Craves the Drug.

H

"I was [illegible] hypodermic [illegible] gave [illegible] beaver [illegible] tion [illegible] thing. I saw [illegible] tiful visions [illegible] was [illegible] portably happy.

"But [illegible] other [illegible] sought to [illegible] myself of the [illegible] habit. I settled frightful convulsions. The [illegible] ture in my bedroom assumed hideous faces, and the place seemed full of imps and hobgoblins.

"I am convinced there is no suffering on earth compared to that endured by the narcotic addict."

Sometimes, as physicians know, addiction begins with use of a mild sedative. When this ceases to produce the desired result, the victim tries stronger drugs.

The best rule, laid down for patients by all conscientious doctors, is to stop, look and listen if the prescription reads dope.

The huge amount of shipping between East and West offers a tempting field to drug smugglers. Only a few weeks ago, in Los Angeles, Calif., narcotic officers seized 60,000 grains of opium, smuggled from Iran.

Those facts are spurring the cohorts of science in their search for some absolutely safe analgesic.

Demerol, newest of the pain killing drugs produced by synthetic chemistry is regarded by many medical men who have experimented with it as the most promising discovery as a pain killer to take the place of morphine. However, Demerol is new and, although it has been used experimentally on several thousand patients with no bad effects, it still remains to be proved whether the drug can be dangerous. Even its most ardent advocates admit that it can become habit forming.

In the case of morphine, no proof is needed that the drug can make addicts. So far, no addiction has been found among those upon whom Demerol has been used.

The difference between addiction and habit-forming is sharply defined. Addiction means that the patient may very easily die upon sudden stoppage of a narcotic, whereas in the case of habit forming drugs, the patient merely has a yearning which can be controlled. Nevertheless, neither Demerol nor another substitute for morphine [illegible] accepted as completely safe. As H. J. Anslinger, U. S. Commissioner of Narcotics, points out, any unwarranted use of pain killing drugs is equivalent to letting [illegible] case.

Even the control of such drugs [illegible] exercised. The fact that a patient may obtain a pain killing drug on a doctor's prescription does not always protect the [illegible] and should be exercised by the issuance of prescriptions. Every physician who prescribes such a drug should be required to know all about that drug [illegible] prescription, and to [illegible] the case report [illegible] made [illegible] the drug is proved even under control of prescription.

Demerol is not obtainable without a prescription, and like any other [illegible] should be handled with the utmost care and precaution.

Perhaps the most hopeful research has been in the direction of a method to dispense with drugs altogether. Such a method is described in a recent report, published in "Anesthesiology," official organ of the American Society of Anesthetists, by Capt. Paul S. Ross, now in war service, and Dr. Ronald O. Allen, electrical engineer of the American Telegraph and Telephone Long Lines Service.

Dr. Ross made experiments to find out whether, and to what extent, anesthesia, analgesia and sleep could be induced by electrical currents.

The idea underlying the experiment is that the sensory nerves, which carry sensation signals to the brain, and the motor nerves, which bring "orders" from the brain to the muscles, form a great electrical system.

When some drug narcotizes the brain, it changes its electrical polarity. It becomes "electropositive." That means, the electrons no longer are attracted towards the brain, but tend to rush away from it to the muscles, through the "motor nerves."

If this can be done with electricity, instead of drugs, the narcotic problem will be nine-tenths solved.

Eddie Barnes is not a humming bird (*or is he?*)

Then why, you ask, does he hum to fast like one?

Well, maybe he doesn't know that doctors say that he everybody

should get at least *one-quarter of his daily nourishment at breakfast,* when energy is *low.*

No wonder Eddie Barnes just dr-a-a-gs himself to work!

If he only knew about Grape-Nuts - the swelegant, "boy-I-feel-like-a-kid-again" cereal. If he only knew that Grape-Nuts is a "Basic 7" food with *whole* grain and the Uncle Sam vitamins everybody ought to eat every day.

If he only knew how chockfull Grape-Nuts are of the crackling energy vitamin . . . B_1!

If Eddie knew these things he'd get himself a box of the swell-tasting Grape-Nuts.

Tomorrow morning, he'd start out with a bowlful of this crisp, crunchy, malty-rich cereal . . . add his favorite fruit with plenty of milk . . . and wheee! What a swell breakfast he'd enjoy! . . . **Won't somebody please tell Eddie Barnes?**

- Doctors and nutritionists agree that most of us *don't* eat enough breakfast
- Doctors and nutritionists agree that breakfast should provide one-quarter of our daily nourishment than the ordinary breakfast
- Most of us eat breakfasts that don't measure up. Why not start your day with cereals with whole-grain nourishment
- All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Grape-Nuts A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast —do a better job!

It Was an Attack of Asthma That Started Nurse Marguerite Branyen, of Fargo, S. D., on Her Way to the Throne of Indore

Seaman Holkar, Former Wife of One of the World's Richest Princes, Exercises at Dawn, Shares Boot Camp Barracks with 10 Other Waves, Eats Navy Chow—And Likes It.

A Reno Divorce Set the Royal Couple Free in 1943.

Miserable on a Throne Happy as a Lady Sailor

By JEANNE HOFMANN

I[illegible]

[illegible] bunk space at the Waves boot camp. Also her title of Maharanee of Indore—wife of the young owner of the world's most fabulous jewelry collection.

The ex-Maharanee now washes her own clothes. She whose "camping out" hunting lodge in Indore was a mile-long palace, tramps now to a plain barrack she shares with ten other trainees. She who feasted on scented delicacies munches now on navy chow and likes it!

Why didn't she stay in the $50,000 Laguna Beach estate?

"Because I was lonely," she told me. "I wanted to become a part of America again. So I decided to join the Waves—and I'm truly happy now."

It's a great transformation for the twice-married Marguerite Lawler Branyen Holkar, who married the [illegible] of Indore [illegible] Junior) after nursing the 34-year-old monarch back to health in 1938. From the mystic world of pink marble palaces and limousines (Junior had 15) the American girl arrived at the Waves' training station with [illegible] suitcase and a picture to remind her of [illegible] four-year stay in India.

The [illegible] adopted, and legally awarded daughter, ten-year-old Princess [illegible] daughter of the Maharajah by his first native wife. Marguerite sent the girl back to India last Fall with her ex-spouse and his new American wife, the former Mrs. Euphremia Watt Crane, 29.

Instead of Champagne in Golden Goblets, Marguerite Now Sips a Prosaic Soda at Hunter College.

"I was lonely," she said, "so I knew Usha would be too. But I'm going to bring her back after the war."

Last July, when the ultra-modern Prince (sometimes called the "Indore Sport") obtained a divorce in Reno, it was hinted that the cause of domestic discord was not "mental cruelty" but failure to produce an heir.

As Maharanee of Indore, the One-Time American Nurse Had Her Choice of Her Husband's Fabulous $20,000,000 Jewelry Collection.

Marguerite's [illegible] Yeshwant Holkar's father, the abdicated Tokoji Rao Holkar III, caused a sensation in 1928 by marrying Nancy Miller of Seattle. But comparatively little talk arose when Yeshwant wed the nurse who nursed him out of asthma in Los Angeles.

When his native wife died in 1937 in Honolulu, Yeshwant went to Europe and India with Marguerite still in his employ as nurse to his daughter.

Maharajah Yeshwant Holkar, Known to His Friends as the "Indore Sport."

But the Maharajah returned to America to marry her at Taxco, Mexico, on September 19, 1938.

The marriage lasted four years, and in 1942 the Maharanee returned by plane to America. The Maharajah followed in 1943. Then came Reno, and now he has a third wife.

For settlement Marguerite took Usha, alimony, and three fabulous California homes.

The Grand Hall in One of the Maharajah of Indore's 17 Palaces.

But the [illegible] seemed empty after Usha left. So Marguerite [illegible] up one home, rented [illegible] with [illegible] attorney and joined the Waves.

There's no time for lonel[illegible] The [illegible] stewardess is out of bed at 5:45 [illegible] Navy's reveille [illegible] bells [illegible]

[illegible] up at noon" she [illegible] Bombay Chronicl[illegible] [illegible] hopping in. Yes[illegible] [illegible] till afternoon tea [illegible] calling, play tennis, golf [illegible] could amuse [illegible] our own movie theat[illegible] or drive to Mhow, the [illegible] town.

"We never got to bed before two—there were always people around. We spent a good deal of time at our Fontainebleau [illegible] outside of Paris."

Yeshwant's residential palace—his favorite of 17 Indore homes—is a German-styled jewel of [illegible] architecture, costing $3,000,000.

Which, to Wave Holkar who [illegible] wearily into her unadorned bunk at night, must seem like a far-off dream.

Every room in that spacious palace is illuminated by indirect lighting and supplied with air conditioning.

The palace has its own electric plant. Two hundred servants are employed, each of them bedecked with gold-embroidered uniforms worth a fortune.

If the Waves ever get around to handing Seaman Holkar a gun, they'll have to provide a couple of bears and tigers, as targets, to make her feel at home. In her hunting career, she bagged a neat 30 tigers, eight panthers and one bear.

Wave Holkar is allowed only a modicum of jewelry under navy regulations. But once she had her choice of the diamonds, emeralds and rubies including five of the largest stones from the Jonker diamond—which formed the Maharajah's $20,000,000 collection.

Seaman Holkar refused to say if any of the jewelry was given in divorce settlement, but presumably she did not come away unadorned.

America's Little Sister is THE CRITIC'S SWEETHEART Now!

Just like you and you and you, the movie experts are enthusiastic about this charming, young singing star, for instance, Film and Radio Discussion Guide says about her latest picture, "light and frothy...happy entertainment...a brightly written script...fine for the young in spirit."

★ MARY LEE

America's Little Sister in

NOBODY'S DARLING

with Louis CALHERN Gladys GEORGE

JACKIE MORAN
LEE PATRICK
BENNIE BARTLETT
MARCIA MAE JONES

HEAR MARY SING:
Blow, Gabriel, Blow!
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows—It Had To Be You—and more!

IT'S A REPUBLIC PICTURE

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"

There's a Thrill In Bringing a Crook to Justice Through Scientific

CRIME DETECTION!

I have taught thousands this profitable, pleasant profession. Let me teach you. Learn at home in spare time. Low cost. Easy terms. Many graduates now holding good positions as Finger Print Experts in Bureaus, Industrial Plants, Detective Agencies, Police Departments, etc. Write today for free booklet and full particulars.

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INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
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Pretty Peggy Kids the Stars

Miss Ryan's Terrific Trowel Technique Is Her Amiable Way of Spoofing the Glamour Girls Who "Go In For Gardening."

PEGGY RYAN is one of the rising young actresses of Hollywood—but the glitter of stardom hasn't blinded her to the humor in the screen's great and their hard-working press agents. Many a time Miss Ryan has grinned, and guffawed, at some of those behind-the-scenes stratagems for the home folks. And it is to the credit of her bosses at Universal Pictures that they let her lampoon the photograph-

Publicity Buildups Usually Start in the Kitchen and Here Peggy Illustrates the Threadbare Phrase "Miss Glamorpuss Thinks Nothing of Whipping Up a Delicious Meal for 30 Unexpected Guests."

If you own a Schick Injector Razor...

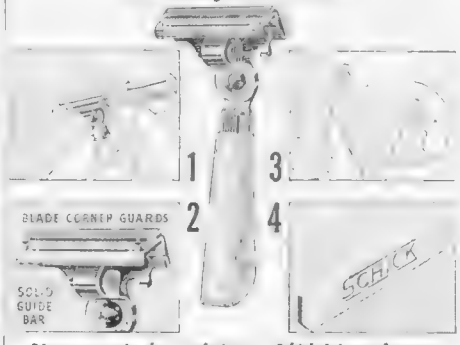
YOU CAN START CHEERING—

Schick Injector Blades Are Back!

Yes, the quick-shave, easy-edging Schick Injector Blades are back... at your dealer's.

Months ago many of you had to lay aside your Schick Injector Razor. At that time, Government Priorities required all the Blades we could make for the armed forces. But now our production is sufficient for both military and civilian needs.

So tomorrow morning reach for your Schick Injector Razor



Discover again the revolutionary Schick Injector features

They are the only basic improvements in safety razor design and construction in over 40 years. See what they can do to make your shaving a pleasure instead of a punishment. Once more you can—

1 Enjoy the automatic blade change . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 Shave skin-close—with comfort . . . the Solid Guide Bar has reverse-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

3 Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 Enjoy Double Thick Blades again . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Tell your friends that these blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give it to a friend so that he too, may know real shaving luxury. For, though a sufficient number of Schick Blades are now available, we still can't get the material for the new Schick Injector Razors.

Do You Hang Out the Wash to See What and Who Your Neighbors Are Having at Their Backyard Barbecue?

So You THINK You're Being Neighborly

BEING a good neighbor is a wise policy on the home front, too. So get wise to yourself, take this test and find out whether you're a good neighbor or a nuisance. Answer each question Yes or No. Add up your answers and look in the lower right corner of this page to see how you stand.

By JUDITH CHASE
Well-known Quiz Expert

1—Do you leave up your shades at night, inviting your neighbors to look on such law suits of family feuds?

2—When your neighbor's dog comes around, do you feed him fats and other indigestibles so when he gets home his owner thinks he's about to cash in his chips?

3—Do you keep chickens, goats and live stock where they can wander into your house and surprise your guests by cackles, butts from behind and other barnyard antics?

4—Do you attempt to shoot crows, rabbits and squirrels within range of your neighbor's house, subjecting him to a siege, with sound effects and shrapnel?

5—Do you return the snow-shovel you borrowed from next door just in time to borrow the lawnmower in the Spring?

6—When no one's looking, do you rake your dead leaves off on the next door property?

7—If your neighbor is struggling with his furnace to get it going, do you loudly point out that his technique is 2000 while you practically invented the stove?

8—Do you call the fire engine at the slightest puff of smoke next door when it's probably a bride's first attempt at baking biscuits?

9—Do you keep your radio going full blast, treating spinster neighbors to boxing bouts, and sick friends to blood-curdling murders?

10—Do you buy your offspring pea shooters, air-guns and sling shots; then wonder why your neighbors hopefully carry around sticks, paddles and whips?

11—Do you precariously balance plant pots, milk bottles and window boxes on your upstairs window sill so the neighborhood feels calling on you is more dangerous than a Jap barrage?

12—Do you make your neighborhood look like the "wrong side of the tracks" by sitting out on the porch, done up in hair curlers and an old wrapper, surrounded by crumpled papers and pop bottles?

13—Do you play darts, archery and throwing games, your target backing on the property of your hapless neighbor, who must high-tail it for safety?

14—Do you give the glad-eye to your neighbors' pretty wives, then have to explain how you stepped on a rake and got that black eye?

15—Just when your neighbors throw a backyard barbecue, do you choose that time to hang out your week's wash in view of the party?

16—Do you leave kiddie cars, old rakes and hoses stretched across the sidewalk, sending unsuspecting passers-by sprawling?

17—When the late commuter next door is planning to catch the 7.15, do you sail past him in the car without giving him another thought?

18—Do you cagily borrow butter, sugar and other rationed foods from your neighbors; then conveniently forget to pay them back in points?

19—Do your alcoholic guests wake the community at 2 a.m. by loud and off-key strains of "Sweet Adeline" or "O Sole Mio"?

20—When the wind's blowing toward next door, do you burn old mattresses, cloth and rubber, gassing and enraging your neighbors?

21—Whenever you get a hot tip on a sale at the grocer's, do you hotfoot it to stock up before anyone else hears about it?

22—Do you scare callers away by unwelcome signs, saying "BEWARE OF VICIOUS DOG," "PASS AT YOUR OWN RISK," or "WARNING, 1000 VOLTS?"

23—When your neighbors are away, do you raid their garden for prize flowers and dig up their vegetables in the belief they'll not miss them?

24—Do you eavesdrop on the party line, making sarcastic whistling sounds, surprised "Ohs" and "Ahs" and comments when you disagree?

25—Does the aftermath of a snow-storm find the sidewalk shoveled off except in front of your house, where every passer-by slips, slides and skids or has to burrow through drifts?

26—Do you leave junk, waste paper and old tires piled high in your backyard, making your neighborhood look like a battlefield salvage dump?

27—Whenever there's a shortage, do you gloat about how well stocked up you are?

28—Do you broadcast that you live in this terrible community only because you couldn't find a house anywhere else?

29—Do you ride your bicycle along the sidewalk, making harmless pedestrians hotfoot it out of your way?

30—Do you park your squalling children for hours on a helpless neighbor, who inadvertently let slip she'd watch them for a few minutes sometime if you were busy?

31—Do you shake brooms out out of the window?

32—Whenever you have guests accompanied by children, do you foist them on neighbors with the introduction: "You have so much in common?"

Your Neighbors Won't Love You Like You Love Their Dog If You Insist on Stuffing Him With Indigestible Dainties.

HERE'S HOW YOU RATE

If Your Score Is Between:	
30 and 20	You must be a nuisance even to yourself.
20 and 15	You're probably not on speaking terms with anybody within seven blocks.
15 and 5	Tolerable, but nothing to brag about.
5 and 0	We wish you lived next door to us.

Grandma Was Shy— but She Gave Us Slacks

It's a Far Cry From the Modern Slacks Suit at the Right to the Outfit Shown in the Old Illustration Above But One Grew Out of the Other.

If girls who wear slacks think they are pioneering in a field known only to the present day, they don't know their history. Even grandma, with her flowing skirts and protective bloomers, wore pants.

Trim, the pantaletts that showed dainty ankles were a daring innovation in their day, and their appearance stirred up a storm of protest in the feminine world.

It was not until England in the 1810's that women wore pants openly. It was when Mrs. Nelly [illegible] appeared in the Court of St. James's, dressed in the height of fashion, that the right to wear pants of their own choosing was established.

The Lily, one of the crusaders started the trend by appearing in knee-length dresses, petticoats and [illegible] pants. The [illegible] Bloomers [illegible] Turkish trousers.

Though the girls made a valiant stand, [illegible] bowed to the storm of protest, but the seed they planted was not to die. [illegible] for so much before [illegible] bloomers and [illegible] quit their protesting, retired to [illegible] and [illegible] pants. [illegible] Bloomers lived [illegible] since.

Twenty years later the [illegible] want-pants movement [illegible] given another boost when [illegible] wore [illegible] and [illegible] to wearing pants [illegible] the need for the [illegible] Simonists had tried to [illegible] them.

The old woodcut at the top of this page, made some [illegible] shows the breeches [illegible] as displayed by an [illegible] school teacher and her [illegible] charges.

As the Oneida settlement which was founded in 1848, was a closed community, open only to those who were followers of John Humphrey Noyes, there were no strait laced Mrs. Grundys to throw up hands in horror.

Since the days of the Saint Simonists, Mrs. Bloomer, and the Oneida girls, women have made steady progress in their fight to wear pants—and right now they are riding the crest of the wave.

During the last year women broke out in the greatest rash of pants in all history. Department store reports showed that countrywide sales of slacks averaged 500 per cent over all previous records.

By far the greatest number are worn by patriotic women who are hard at work in defense plants.

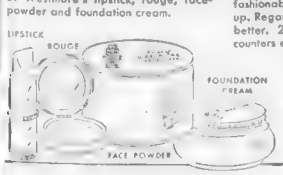
Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

Alice Faye in the [illegible] Century Fox Technicolor Picture
THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Perc Westmore, Hollywood's Famous Make-up Genius

The Westmores — Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream.

House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty — goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better. 25¢ and 50¢ at toilet goods counters everywhere.



House of WESTMORE MAKE-UP

Cleopatra caught a cold at the masquerade

So Antony got her to try a pack of KOOLS!

Later on, she said,

"If they felt so soothing

(when my throat was raw)

UNION MADE

"Why don't I smoke 'em all the time?"

(and so she did)

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS *-for good!*

the accumulated knowledge of science . . .

The American Weekly in its articles which relate to every field of human concern expresses the accumulated findings of Science, the informative and authentic new facts in words that all can read and understand.

Burpee's GIANT Zinnias 4 PACKETS FOUR BEST COLORS 10¢

Burpee's Seed Catalog Free

W. Atlee Burpee Co.
290 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia 32, Pa.
or Clinton, Iowa.

After 27 Years It's Still *Murder*

This Crime of 1916 Might Have Gone Undiscovered If a Workman, Digging Recently in the Cellar, Had Not Uncovered the Face-Down Skeleton of the Victim.

NO ONE is more convinced that "murder will out" than 61-year-old Luigi Stabile, a Montreal farmer, who recently was convicted of killing his wife's brother back in 1916 and keeping that fact well-hidden for 27 years.

The law has a long arm that caught Luigi right around the neck, decreeing that he must hang for his crime.

For nearly three decades, the gimlet-eyed moustached farmer kept his dark secret and, if a certain skeleton hadn't been discovered, might have carried it to his grave.

But things started moving in Luigi's direction last July when a workman, digging in the cellar of a St. Hubert tenement, came across the gruesome discovery of a man's remains. And no one was more surprised than the condemned man when he was first taken into custody.

The police, checking up on one-time tenants in the building, came across Stabile. In the meantime, medico-legal research established that the body was that of Festa, his brother-in-law who had disappeared in 1916, and that the man had died a violent death.

Further detective work established that Stabile had moved the victim's family to Montreal a few days after Festa's disappearance and never asked a place help in locating the "missing" man. The prosecution also presented the damning fact that Stabile had left Festa's wife [illegible] about her husband's whereabouts when-ever she got the chance.

Despite defense efforts to show that actual proof of the murder was lacking, a jury found the farmer guilty. Then the twelve men and true did something that no court attendant ever recalled having seen before. They knelt in prayer after deciding one of the oddest cases in local history.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS THAT WAR ON WASTE

[illegible] *Reynolds, Mich.* (O[illegible]tion of Lysol and water.—*Susie*)

TIME SAVING!• A dash of Sunbrite on a wet brush cuts cleaning time for hair combs and leaves combs satin-smooth and fastidiously fresh. —*Alice Rayland, Lexington, Ky.*

[illegible] helps prevent tearing. P[illegible] lathered with a damp cloth.—*Mrs. W. A.* [illegible]

Warring on dirt is warring on waste in my opinion. Sunbrite Cleanser makes my sinks and bathtub shine without hard scrubbing. I keep the refrigerator sweet and wholesome with it, too. —*Mrs. H. Cook, Mosinee, Wis.*

Susie S. says:
"War [illegible] on greasy [illegible]"

We war on Burns!

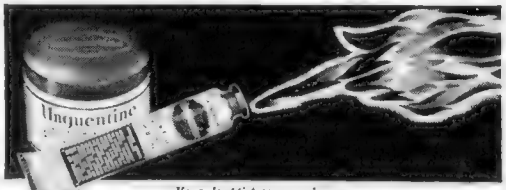
Research never stops in the war on burns.

Through the years . . . Norwich research has developed the soothing and protective qualities of UNGUENTINE . . . enhanced its local anesthetic pain-relieving action . . . augmented its antiseptic powers.

That's why UNGUENTINE *is America's largest selling burn ointment—"the first thought"* in burns.*

Relieves Pain *Fights Infection* *Promotes Healing*

These three UNGUENTINE features are the fundamentals of modern treatment for minor burns and scalds. Do not accept any preparation that offers less. Ask for UNGUENTINE and get all three!



Your druggist can supply you with handy tubes or economical family size jars.

Norwich

UNGUENTINE

"The First Thought" in Burns*

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY, NORWICH, N. Y.

LIFE IS GAY WHEN YOU FEEL *OK!*

WHY risk fatigue, colds and that run-down feeling sometimes caused by lack of vitamins? Let Kent Vitamins help you feel ok for a penny a day! So potent one capsule supplies minimum daily requirement of A, B_1, D. If grocer can't supply, mail coupon.

AT YOUR GROCER'S!
Outstanding Value
OVER 7-WEEKS SUPPLY
Only 50¢

Kent VITAMINS A·B·D

[illegible] Company,
[illegible] Station
St. Louis 2, Mo.

[illegible] 50-capsule bottle [illegible] Vitamins A, B_1, D. I enclose 50¢.

[illegible]

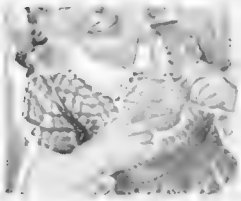
[illegible] State

Such a Cheerful Change—they work like

MAGIC!

IN BRIGHTENING UP DULL WINTER DAYS

The time is ripe for TANGERINES! What other fruit is so full of *Fun*, so full of *Flavor*, yet so full of things that are good for the youngsters, the man of the house . . . and YOU. But the time for Tangerines is short. So make the most of them while they last!

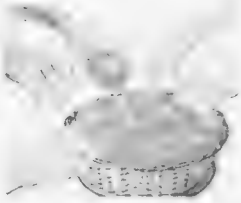


Off comes their *Zipper Skin* like MAGIC!

What fun! Even Daddy and Grandpa have never outgrown their boyish delight in zipping the skins off juicy tangerines!

They pep up a lunch box like MAGIC!

So compact, so easy to eat, and such a welcome change! For wartime lunch boxes they're just perfect. Better tuck in *two!*



So tempting, they'll go like MAGIC!

Popular? Try leaving a bowl or basketful of them on the table for delicious between-meal snacks. Just see them disappear!

They perk up menus like MAGIC!

In fruit cups—fruit salads! Brighten up cakes with their color and flavor! And try tangerine juice and orange juice mixed!

They quiet that craving for sweets like MAGIC!

Tangerines are so much better than heavy, rich things that are hard to digest. Tangerines are a sugar-sweet treat that provides precious vitamin C, vitamin A potency, and calcium—so essential for growth and strong bones—for red-blooded health and vigor!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
Lakeland • Florida

Now..get FLORIDA TANGERINES

THE SUGAR-SWEET TREAT WITH THE *ZIPPER* SKIN!

Lady Pied Pipers *Blitzing* British RATS

This Fearless Devonshire Miss Is Patriotically Helping Her Country Get Rid of 40 Million Rodents.

FORTY million beady-eyed [illegible] are overrunning the British Isles today. These [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] are [illegible] the British [illegible] an [illegible] down [illegible].

Britain [illegible] their [illegible] of the [illegible] ously [illegible] ously [illegible] marauders.

[illegible] an method of [illegible] and poisoning [illegible] and [illegible] that [illegible] will [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible] are [illegible] that [illegible] colonies of 1,000 or more, and will move at the slightest hint of danger. [illegible] is a difficult job that calls [illegible].

Of [illegible] Branch of the [illegible] get at it. Once their suspicions are lulled, they will [illegible] laden bait that is [illegible].

Using this method [illegible] wiped out [illegible] of food [illegible] of the pests yearly that feed [illegible]. London [illegible] 1,000,000 rats [illegible].

In [illegible] Kington [illegible] found after [illegible] banquets.

The fight against the destroyers of food is being waged in the country just as fiercely as it is in the city. The picture on this page will [illegible] rural Devonshire where girls of the Land Army have the job of killing off the unwanted visitors.

[illegible] who work in [illegible] the ages of eight, [illegible] have to make [illegible] visits to a farm in order to [illegible] catch that [illegible] crop-[illegible] and [illegible] of the rats [illegible] for pre-baiting, [illegible] poisoning, and one for [illegible] the dead. It is not [illegible] for a sack full about 200 corpses—to come a day's bag.

Twenty-four thousand rats have been caught in Devon by trapping alone and it is estimated that another 100,000 have been destroyed by gassing and other methods.

Tails [illegible] in the [illegible] all British newspapers carry coupons, which readers fill out and send to the Food Ministry whenever they see rats.

These individual reports help the experts to make maps showing where the principal nests are located. This enables the exterminators to track down the colonies and destroy them by the thousand.

Buy more War Bonds. Yes, you! Not the other fellow. Don't let your theme song be, "Let the rest of the world go buy."

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quick, in lukewarm water.
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water . . . leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant.
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

NEW
Self Polishing
Simoniz
for Floors
shines as it dries

"Nothing even compares with it!" is the verdict of countless thousands who [illegible] Self-Polishing Simoniz Quick and [illegible] Self-Polishing Simoniz Cleaner! Dries to a [illegible] Gives your floors [illegible] makes Simoniz so famous [illegible] Easy to clean with a damp cloth. Buy [illegible] Self-Polishing Simoniz right away!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY • CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Cultivate the Healthful Habit of Clorox-Cleanliness in Laundering!
WHY TAKE CHANCES!
"When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's hygienically clean!"
YOUR HEALTH—everybody's health—is an important factor in America's tremendous production program. You can help protect your health and your family's health—by making laundry Clorox-Clean, hygienically clean. Not only does Clorox disinfect, it gently bleaches white cottons and linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors), makes them fresh-smelling. And, too, Clorox lessens rubbing, prolonging life of fabrics. Clorox is ultra-refined . . . it's free from caustic, an exclusive quality. Let Clorox provide added health protection in laundering and in routine cleansing of kitchen and bathroom in your home. Simply follow directions on the label.
AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT
CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC
Disinfects
DEODORIZES BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS
CLOROX

Lay That *Shotgun* Down, Brother!

Inspired by the Meat Shortage, Many an Ambitious Youngster Is Donning His Dad's Hunting Togs to bag a Rabbit or a Duck to Stretch the Family's Brown Points as Far as He Can.

MANY ... Joe Dunkes [illegible] the old [illegible] out of the attic, ... and gone ... [illegible] ... wild geese to ... [illegible] ... the [illegible] ... who wouldn't ... hunting the Black ... [illegible] ... but sees no reason ... [illegible] ... But venture out ... [illegible] ... wilderness of ... [illegible] ... and bows ... [illegible] ... a pheasant or ... [illegible]

But, conservation experts ... [illegible] ... to learn Daniel Boone ... [illegible] ... gun in hand, to ... [illegible] ... in the Border wherever ... [illegible] ... there wouldn't be ... [illegible] ... chops or chicken ... [illegible] ... what would become ... [illegible] ... nation's wildlife?

"There has been evidence of a kind of shooting mania" since ... [illegible] ... Pearl Harbor. People have ... [illegible] ... animals indiscriminately in far greater proportions than were needed for ... [illegible] ... purposes.

... [illegible] ... year, since the start ... [illegible] ... the war, a quarter of a ... killed ... and dressed. That's ... [illegible] ... pounds of game was enough meat to supply a ... a day to 700,000 people for 12 months.

Unless men know how to hunt intelligently, leaving enough animals to propagate, it is better to let the old gun rust in the attic and just tighten up the belt a notch on hard times days.

Decades ago, 15,000,000 buffalo roamed the Great Plains. The Indians hunted them for food, but only as they needed it to eat.

Then came the white man with his modern weapons and thirst for slaughter. The great herds were nearly wiped out before Congress acted to protect them.

Now, in spite of nation-wide sentiment favoring the hunting of game, and special refuges for those species, there are only about 2,000 left.

Had our forefathers been wise in their hunting they would have preserved great herds of meat-producing bison which would have been especially useful right now.

When Joe Dunkes and his pals go gunning, even if they only miss they still cause thousands of deaths among waterfowl because many birds swallow spent bullets and die of lead poisoning.

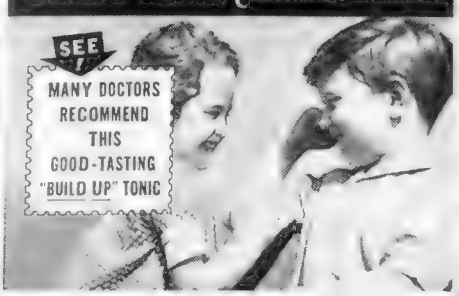
For many years the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and other agencies have worked on the preservation of wildlife. Millions of dollars have been spent for this purpose.

Wildlife depends on sufficient food supplies, suitable covers, protection against predatory animals and competition with other species as well as diseases.

Always all it needs protection against hunters, greed and [illegible] ...

Everyone must learn to treat ... like any other crop ... plant it, raise it, and harvest it intelligently.

GREAT TONIC HELPS MAKE 'EM STRONG, HUSKY!



IMPORTANT! READ HOW VITAL ELEMENTS* HELP BUILD STAMINA IN IMPROPERLY NOURISHED YOUNGSTERS!

[illegible] growing youngsters [illegible] and boys! Is it they [illegible] enough of certain Vital Elements they may be needing, and needs more quick. That's why many doctors recommend Scott's! It's rich in *natural* A and D Vitamins* that help give youngsters [illegible] and resistance to colds, and the efficiency of five Vitamins.

HELPS BUILD SOUND TEETH, TOO! [illegible] ... tion also helps build strong bones and prep[illegible] growth.

So give valuable [illegible] Scott's daily the year round. Discover its great *tonic benefits for the rest of the family*, too! Buy at your druggist's!

SEE! WHY SCOTT'S IS BETTER!
1. Rich in *natural* A and D Vitamins —valuable food supplement and tonic.
2. [illegible] ... provides its [illegible]
3. Good-tasting [illegible]
4. [illegible] ... to take than cod liver oil.

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic *For All Ages*

Extra-Delicious because they're the real NEW ENGLAND BAKED BEANS

There's no substitute for the hearty goodness and flavor of these genuine "Beans o' New England" B & M Brick Oven Baked Beans. Accept your Grocer has them. Should he be out temporarily, bake your beans at home the true New England way, as B & M bakes them, all day long to tender, mealy perfection.

For free baked bean recipe address Burnham & Morrill Co. Portland, Maine, Dept. R-10

AGAIN ON SALE

B&M Genuine Brick Oven BAKED BEANS

GOT A COLD?
Go after it—not only with temporary relief measures. But by doing these 5 basic things that physicians advise to help your system *throw off the infection* Lemons help with all 5

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (And to induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To make lemon & soda
Squeeze juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slightly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quaffs.

To avoid colds and your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water. Squeeze 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

YOUR PILLOW KNOWS

Your pillow gets as close to your hair as anything does—so just check it for unpleasant odors. Remember, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and it's easy to offend with scalp odor—*and not know it.*

To make *sure* your hair doesn't drive people away, shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar that works wonders with scalp odor and oily hair. The pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packers tonight and be safe—with clean, fresh scalp . . . soft, lustrous hair. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

NO PASTE OR GLUE WHEN YOU MOUNT SNAP SHOTS IN ALBUM WITH NUACE MOUNTING CORNERS
PLACE CORNERS ON SNAP SHOT, MOISTEN BACK OF CORNERS AND MOUNT IN ALBUM. NUACE CORNERS ARE SUMMED WITH SPECIAL ADHESIVE THAT STAYS GLUED. TRIPLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T AGREE THEY'RE BEST

MOST COLORS COME 100 FOR 10¢
Available in Black, White, Gray, Green, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Victory, Gold & Silver, at 5¢ & 10¢ stores Drug, Camera & Department stores.
ACE ART CO., DEARBORN, MASS.

LOOK FOR NAME NUACE ON PACKAGE!

APPROVED BY EMINENT AUTHORITY
this is a new mixture of spectrum light which makes
SEEING EASIER BY HUMAN EYES

VERD-A-RAY
REPLACES ORDINARY LIGHT BULBS

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY AT YOUR DEALER'S AND BUY A SUPPLY — TODAY
FREE OFFER
Ask your dealer for beautiful full colored 6-page folder. It contains valuable information for you. If your dealer is out of Verd-A-Ray, send 25¢ to cover, packing and mailing for sample 60-watt lamp—send 50¢ for three. *Write Today. Literature FREE.*
Reduces Glare — Sharpens Vision — Protects Eyes
At Nearly All Dealers—25 to 100 Watts—only 25¢
SAVE ELECTRIC CORP. - TOLEDO, O.

Housewife's Food Almanack

I'm A "Soybean Columbus"

By MARY LEE BLAIR
High Point, North Carolina

HISTORY books may not put me in a class with Columbus, but I've made a pretty important discovery of my own. I've discovered the soybean. It's not only effective as a main ingredient but it imparts a richness and smoothness of its own without changing the taste of the meat. There are probably thousands of housewives all over the country who are using soybean products on their tables, so I'd like to give them my own special recipes, and for those who haven't discovered it yet—well, I hope they'll try it too, for soybeans and soy products are high protein foods as well as point stretchers.

CORNISH POTATO CAKES

"NOW that we have to be so saving with all our food," writes Mrs. L. Daniel of Grass Valley, California, "I think old-fashioned Cornish potato cakes will help many housewives in getting their family to clean up those leftover mashed potatoes.

4 cups fresh mashed potatoes (or reheated)
½ cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons butter

"Mix butter in hot potatoes and beat well. Mix baking powder with flour and add to potato mixture. Spread in a small baking tin about ½ inch thick and bake at once. In about 30 minutes they will be a golden brown."

(Mrs. Daniel, we are always glad to have new recipes which are "food savers" and your potato cakes are delicious.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Soy Burgers

1 pound of ground beef (chuck)
2 cups of mashed cooked soybeans
1 egg
3 tablespoons of top milk
1 teaspoon of chili powder
2 teaspoons of salt
1 tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce

Beat eggs and milk together then Worcestershire sauce. Add salt and chili powder. Mix soybeans and beef, work in other ingredients. Use hands to make patties. Yield 12 large Soy Burgers. Grease pan with favorite shortening and pan fry on top of stove or broil until a golden brown.

Soy Meat Loaf

1 pound of ground beef (chuck or any cheaper cut you want)
1 pound of pork
2 cups of mashed soybeans
6 tablespoons of top milk
1 2-oz. can of mixed vegetable soup
1 teaspoon of salt
¼ teaspoon of mustard
1 tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce

Mix all ingredients together. Mold in greased pan and bake for 1 to 1½ hours at 375 degrees. Serves 8 people.

Baked Soybeans

Soak 1 pound of soybeans over night in enough water to cover them. Next morning wash and add:

1 teaspoon of salt
4 tablespoons of sugar
2 tablespoons of molasses
¼ pound of salt pork or bacon
1 cup of undiluted tomato soup or tomato catsup
4 cups catsup

Cook slowly until beans are done. If you desire it you can brown in oven for ½ hour.

FASULYA

AN UNUSUAL TURKISH BEAN DISH

"THIS is the way my mother in Istanbul prepares beans," writes Mustafa Kazdal of Champaign, Illinois. "I have never found any bean dish in this country that tastes quite the same as this one does.

½ lb. dried navy beans
4 medium carrots—scraped and sliced thin
2 medium or six small onions—chopped
Cooking oil—about four tablespoons
2 lobes of garlic—chopped fine

"Soak beans over night. Drain, cover with large amount of salted water and boil slowly one hour. Drain. Simmer onions slowly in oil until tender but not brown. Put all ingredients in a deep pot with barely enough water to cover. Cook with a low flame until beans are soft. Serve cold."

(Mustafa Kazdal, we are grateful to you for sharing this recipe with us. Several years ago one of our readers sent us a recipe which he called Fassoulia Pulaki, similar to yours except that it included ripe tomatoes and a suggestion of parsley. The finished dish was garnished with thinly sliced lemon.—Mary Lee Swann.)

PORK AND BEAN PIE

FOR A SUBSTANTIAL LUNCHEON

"HERE'S about as swell a dish as I've ever tasted, and made from leftovers at that," writes Mrs. Bessy Lally of Golden Bridge, New York. "You'll need 3 cups of leftover seasoned baked beans, 2 cups cubed roast pork and 3 cups of mashed sweet potatoes.

"Put a layer of beans in a baking dish, then a layer of pork, repeat and cover top with 1½ cups pork stock or gravy and the sweet potatoes. Heat together 3 tablespoons of molasses and 2 tablespoons of pork fat or margarine. Pour over potatoes and bake in a moderate oven for 40 or 45 minutes.

"When this dish is served piping hot with a green salad and biscuits, it's quite a substantial and delicious meal."

(Mrs. Lally, we asked a group of young soldiers to sample your savory dish and they seemed to like it very much. One suggested that his "Mom used to concoct something like this at home in Missouri." We are told that there is a bumper crop of sweet potatoes this year and certainly your recipe suggests an unusual way of combining them with savory pork and beans.—Mary Lee Swann.)

HAVE YOU A $10 PRIZE WINNING RECIPE?

If so it belongs right here on this page. Send in your original recipes today. Perhaps one or more will win $10 in cash or War Savings Stamps if selected by the judges. No recipes can be returned. Address THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK, BOX 191, GRAND CENTRAL ANNEX, NEW YORK CITY.

MEXICAN STEAK

"MANY of my favorite dishes have originated in Mexico," writes Mrs. Irene Gray of Kansas City, Missouri. "But I think probably the one I like best of all is 'Mexican Steak' and I'm sure you'll like it too, if you'll just try it.

"Take 1½ or 2 pounds of round steak about ½ inch thick and heat it well. Rub and pound in a little more than ½ cup of flour, mixed with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon of pepper. Brown both sides quickly in 2 tablespoons of hot fat, and pour over it this sauce: Add ½ cup of catsup to 1½ cups of hot water. Stir in 2 teaspoons of prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon tabasco sauce, juice of one lemon, 1 clove garlic, minced, a little chopped onion, and a small amount of grated lemon peel. Cover the meat and sauce and simmer about 2 hours or until the meat is tender. Guests will love the different taste of Mexican Steak, and you'll like it because it's so easy to prepare and it goes a long way."

(Mrs. Gray—Your Mexican Steak is indeed a treat. We are always pleased to receive fine Mexican dishes.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Mid-European Farmers of the 11th Century Raised Two Kinds of Beef Cattle, "Nobles' Meat" for the Men and a Soft, Delicate Grade for Their Ladies.

CRANBERRY MUFFINS

DELICIOUS FOR ANY MEAL

"CRANBERRIES are a favorite fruit in our house at this time of year," writes Mrs. Ina Potter of Grove Hall, Massachusetts. "I'm sure if you give your family cranberry muffins once, you'll have to serve them again and again.

1 cup cranberries
½ cup sugar
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons melted shortening

"Chop the berries and sprinkle with half the sugar. Sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk, melted shortening and beaten egg to the flour mixture and the rest of the sugar. Stir only until blended and fold in the berries. Turn into greased muffin tins and bake at 425 degrees until done."

(Mrs. Potter, many hostesses will welcome this recipe because the American tradition seems to require cranberries and pumpkins. Your muffins pleased every one who sampled them for us.—Mary Lee Swann.)

PEANUT SOUP

GOOD TO TASTE—EASY TO MAKE

"MY family has welcomed peanut soup on our weekly menu with open arms," writes Mrs. Mary F. Podas of Jackson, Michigan. "I'm sure yours will do the same once they've tried it.

"Soak 1½ pints of peanuts overnight in two quarts of water. In the morning, drain and add the remainder of three quarts of water, a bay leaf, ½ cup of celery and one slice of onion. Simmer slowly four or five hours, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Rub through sieve and return to fire. When hot add one quart of milk and let soup boil up; then season and serve."

(Mrs. Podas, we are very grateful for this recipe. It is an easy, palatable and economical suggestion and is not too difficult for beginners to make.—Mary Lee Swann.)

"You want to be careful about the cleanser you use today!"

Why take chances with coarse, gritty cleansers? Especially today when you want to *protect* your hard-to-replace bathtub, sink, stove or refrigerator. Use safe, gentle Bon Ami! It's free from the coarse grit and strong alkalis that can damage fine porcelain. Yet it's quick, easy to use.

Bon Ami
polishes as it cleans

"hasn't scratched yet!"

★ BACK THE ATTACK! BUY AN *EXTRA* WAR BOND—TODAY! ★

NO, it's NOT TRUE!

THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ENOUGH TUNA UNTIL VICTORY IS WON

RECENT misleading press dispatches have created the impression that there is going to be an abundance of tuna for civilian use. This is unfortunate, for it is not true. Here are the facts:

1940 was a big tuna year, the pack was over 4 million cases. *You could buy all you wanted.*

In 1941, however, our big tuna clippers came back empty or only half-full, even after cruising thousands of miles in search of the elusive tuna. The pack fell off to slightly over 2 million cases; your grocer frequently had no tuna on his shelves.

Then came the war! Immediately our tuna clippers went into the Navy, leaving us only small boats. But, by valiant efforts our fishermen have held the average pack to 50% of 1940.

Military requirements come first. But we'll supply your dealer as often as we can.

You are an American ..buy WAR BONDS!

Buy EITHER brand... the quality is the same

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS
WHITE STAR TUNA
Chicken of the Sea TUNA

CLEAN OUT THE MEDICINE CHEST

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MANY a woman who prides herself on her orderly and frequently checked pantry sadly neglects the home medicine cabinet. Yet its pills, prescriptions and remedies for illness should be in as fresh and undamaged a condition as she demands of all of her food supplies for health.

Too often an antiseptic for a minor cut, or dressing for a kitchen burn, or other simple remedy, cannot be quickly located because of the cluttered condition of the shelves; or the item may never have been restocked, dry, or otherwise useless. Thus home "First Aid" may be needlessly delayed.

Midwinter with its usual high quota of colds, coughs, etc., is the strategic moment to reorganize the medicine cabinet. See first if the adjustable shelves are set for most efficient placement so that tall or big and heavy bottles or containers rest safely at the bottom whence it is most easy to grasp and remove them, with other items grading upward in size to the smallest, at the top.

Next, away with all old prescriptions, or those bottles found with loose stoppers or corroded corks: drugs deteriorate with age, and prescriptions for past illness are of little use for the future.

Stopper Bottles Carefully

This is particularly true of nasal inhalants and sprays, or those bottles where the medicine dropper has been left in instead of a tight cork. Medicines, like perfumes and spices, lose potency on contact with the air.

The small swab of absorbent cotton plugged on top of many vials of pills and capsules has an important purpose: do not remove and throw away, but replace swab each time.

Now that many more remedies for headache, colds, fever, etc., are packed in paper instead of tin, extra caution is needed to replace pills tightly in the paper envelope, or better store the whole packet in a glass tube or sterilized porcelain jar, such as cosmetics have been packed in.

Don't Do This

Here are important don'ts for your family safety:

1. Don't store insecticides, poison sprays, spot removers or similar dangerous poisonous substances in any medicine cabinet. Keep them in the cleaning closet.

2. Don't load up with patent medicines, but only with approved First Aid items, or those prescribed by the doctor.

3. Don't keep prescriptions containing narcotics (opium, morphine, coedine) in the medicine cabinet.

4. Don't keep cosmetics, hair bleaches, manicure items, in the cabinet.

But Do This

On the other hand:

1. Do keep a Red Cross Text on Home Nursing and minor ailments instantly available.

2. Do know where to find the thermometer immediately.

3. Do paste a card with your doctor's name, address and phone on the inside of the cabinet door.

And here are medicine cabinet "musts":

(A) Antiseptic for cuts; application for burns; stimulant for fainting or for shock, and laxatives.

(B) Gauze bandages; sterile gauze squares; finger dressings ;adhesive tape; absorbent cotton.

(C) Thermometer; medicine glass ;medicine dropper; vaseline; tweezers for removal of splinters.

(D) Hot-water bottle; fountain syringe; ice-bag.

Timely Menus

MONDAY
Breakfast
Prune Juice, Cereal, Eggs, Bacon, Coffee.
Luncheon
Scalloped Potatoes, Minced Meat Loaf, Carrot and Turnip Ribbons, Tomato Juice Muffins, Coffee Whip, Cookies.
Dinner
Tomato Juice Cocktail, Stewed Kidney Beans, Squash Pie, Coffee.

TUESDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Creamed Salt Pork, Corn Muffins, Apple Sauce, Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon
Fish Chowder, Radishes, Cabbage Slaw, Apple Turnover.
Dinner
Spiced Prune Juice, Smoked Pork Shoulder Loaf, Baked Hominy, Green Beans, Lettuce Salad, Lemon Sponge Cup Cakes.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast
Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Omelet, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon
Polish Beet Soup with Sour Cream, Rye Bread, Vegetable Salad, Cheese Dressing, Doughnuts.
Dinner
Corned Beef Brisket, Steamed Apples, Potatoes, Turnips, Cole Slaw, Coconut Layer Pie.

THURSDAY
Breakfast
Grapes, Cereal, Omelet, Dewberry Muffins, Coffee.
Luncheon
Baked Frankfurters, Sweet Potatoes, Romaine Salad, Pineapple Jelly Banana Surprise Cookies, Tea.
Dinner
Veal Pot Pie, Shredded Green Beans, Salad, Baked Apples.

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Prunes, Cereal, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon
Potato and Nut Fondante, Brussels Sprouts, Chef's Salad Bowl, Graham Rolls.
Dinner
Baked Fish with Egg Sauce, Broccoli, Carrots, Lettuce-Cucumber-Tomato Salad, Fruit Puffs, Coffee.

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit, Cereal, Eggs, Coffee.
Luncheon
Baked Beans, Watercress Rolls, Apple Raisin Tea.
Dinner (Company)
Chicken a la King, Green Beans, Cauliflower, Jellied Cranberry Salad, Butterscotch Shortcake.

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Fruit Nectar, Cereal, Bacon, French Pancakes Coffee.
Dinner
Roast Veal Sirloin, Au Gratin Potatoes, Carrots, Spinach, Salad of Shredded Vegetables in Tomato Jelly, Swedish Fruit Surprise, Coffee.
Supper
Chili con Carne and Cornmeal Shortcake, Fruit Salad. Crisp Rye Crackers, Tea.

COLDS' COUGHING ON INCREASE HERE

Simple method suggested to ease these discomforts of colds—

Colds are striking everywhere, leaving miseries of chest muscle soreness—and coughing. Act promptly. Get Penetro. Rub it on throat, chest, and back. Penetro is a salve with modern medication in a base containing old-fashioned mutton suet. It works two ways: (1) Outside, eases pains, muscle tightness. (2) Inside, vapors soothe colds' irritated nasal membranes. Clean. White. Stainless, 25c. Double size 35c. For real relief from these colds' miseries demand Penetro.

REMOVE AS MANY SPOTS AS YOU CAN

from many kinds of clothing, fabrics, drapes, upholstery—with Mufti, the multi-use spot remover. A favorite cleaning fluid for over 25 years. None better for general home use. Save time—and money—help relieve overworked cleaning plants by using Mufti at home. 10c, 30c and 60c.

Mufti
THE MULTI-USE SPOT REMOVER

St. Joseph ASPIRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10c

Exciting News FOR FAITHFUL SHOES

Cheer up, faithful footwear! Better days ahead. While Whittemore isn't given to boasting, we'll grant that our new de luxe Stain Polish is the finest, gives the most satisfying shine, of any polish we have perfected in 102 years of making fine shoe dressings. Going largely for fighting feet now. You'll get plenty later.

WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Get the Big New
ECONOMY SIZE Gives You More for Your Money

The big new Economy Size Sayman Salve contains a full 4 ounces of this grand medicated ointment and sells for only 60c. That means a big saving every time you need real help in curbing the pain and itch of externally-caused eczema, chapped, rough or red skin, simple piles, minor burns and scalds. Look for—ask for—get the big Economy size.

SAYMAN SALVE

Personalized
PHOTOGRAPHIC STATIONERY

Carries YOUR PHOTOGRAPH Made From ANY SNAPSHOT or PHOTO $1.00

Now... you can make your letters to that boy or girl in service and to friends at home like a "PERSONAL VISIT" when you use, rich, two-fold Photographic Stationery—with life-like photograph of yourself in the upper left hand corner. A marvelous morale builder. An ideal gift with a friend's picture.

Special Offer—Just send $1.00 with photo, snapshot or negative for our Special Box of Personalized Photographic Stationery, postpaid. (Photo returned).

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BLEMISHES

Try Cuticura for the prompt relief of externally caused pimples. Cuticura promptly helps soften tips of

BLACKHEADS

for easy removal. Used by many nurses, some hospitals. Buy today at your nearest druggist! For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-23, Malden, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

Ann got a germ* and finished first!

*the protective wheat germ in hot Ralston cereal

No Diet Complete Without Whole Grain

Delicious Hot Ralston is Whole Grain Plus Extra Amounts of Protective Wheat Germ

2 KINDS OF HOT RALSTON CEREAL

This easy-to-fix breakfast
Of delicious hot Ralston
Has helped Ann win many a race
Because Ralston is whole grain wheat
With extra amounts
Of natural protective wheat germ
The rich golden heart of wheat
That releases new energy,
Strengthens nerves, promotes growth,
Aids appetite and digestion
Serve this warm-up, build-up breakfast
To all your family regularly
Rich in proteins, iron and vitamin B_1
Ralston helps make up for rationed foods
It's whole grain wheat—a Basic 7 food
Thrifty and not rationed

Recipe for delicious dessert!

Snow Peak Pudding: Mix together ½ cup cocoa, ½ cup Ralston Wheat Cereal, ½ cup sugar and ½ teasp. salt. Stir into 2 cups hot milk. Cover; cook over boiling water 15 minutes, or until thickened, stirring frequently. Beat into 1 beaten egg yolk and ¼ teasp. vanilla. Pour into a quart greased baking dish. Beat egg white until stiff, continue beating, adding gradually 2 tablesp. sugar. Drop by spoonfuls on cereal mixture. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 20 minutes, or until meringue is lightly browned. Serves 4.

FREE! TESTED LOW-POINT RECIPES

Save points and pennies—add new interest to wartime meals with Ralston meat-stretching dishes, custards, pancakes, dumplings. For 10 free recipes, write Ralston, 49 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 2, Mo.

OVERWEIGHT... BUT UNDER-PAR? TRY THE RY-KRISP REDUCING PLAN!

Cheer up, lady! If your figure worries you, send today for the new Ry-Krisp book* which contains a variety of menus and recipes for delicious low-point family meals. How will that help your figure? Well . . . this same book tells how any normal person can lose excess weight and be *better fed!*

***FREE!** Wartime reducing plan for normal overweight, based on easy-to-buy, protective foods. Address Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 2, Mo.

LOW POINT LOW CALORIE MEAL PLANNER

A PEACH OF A POINT-SAVING MEAL. Pork sausage links, baked sweet potatoes, fried apple rings, and Ry-Krisp—the deliciously different kind of bread that perks up wartime meals. 100% whole grain rye, Ry-Krisp is so crisp it serves as toast, bread, crackers. A Basic-7 food —it helps keep you toned up. Note to reducers: only 23 calories in each tempting Ry-Krisp wafer.

MOVIE ★ RECIPES

SOUTHERN CANDIED YAMS

Kathryn Grayson

"THERE are probably few groups in the world today that are as well fed as American soldiers, but there are a few specialties that cannot be served in large quantities," says Kathryn Grayson, MGM singing star, in explaining why she always makes Southern Candied Yams for her husband, Lt. John Shelton, when she visits him at camp. "It's one of his favorite dishes and I learned to make them in the South as a little girl. Here's the recipe fitted to current food shortages.

6 yams
½ cup honey
2 slices lemon
Few grains nutmeg
3 tablespoons margarine (butter if available)

"Boil the yams until they are tender. Peel and slice. Place in casserole alternately with honey and margarine or butter. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Place the lemon slices on top and add one-half cup water. Bake at 375 degrees for about thirty minutes."

Who's your favorite movie star? Would you like to try his or her favorite dish? If so, write to Almanack Movie Stars' Recipe Dept., Room 901, 235 E. 45th Street, New York City, and your favorite's recipe will be published here.

THEY SAY IT'S NEW

MICHIGAN fishermen formerly used native crayfish for bait. One of them brought a couple of crayfash home and experimented with a fish stew. Now the popularity of Michigan crayfish as a food is spreading.

AMERICA has gone all out in the use of chili powder recently, and Californians are growing a considerable portion of the chilis.

WITH cinnamon, both stick and ground, very short, try substituting ¾ teaspoon of allspice for each teaspoon of ground cinnamon called for in a recipe.

Anise seed, nutmeg, ginger, mace, cloves or even cardamon seed may be used in most recipes calling for cinnamon.

TASTED Alfalfa Soup yet? Said to be rich in vitamins C and A, it is being marketed in dehydrated form.

LAST Summer vacationing school children in Tennessee picked millions of pounds of succulent little wild blackberries in the hill country. Packed and frozen then, they are now to be found in many food stores.

ALMANACK ECHOES

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $10, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P.O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

OKRA VARIATIONS

Dear Almanack:

When my family wants a variation of string beans, I shred a small onion in a skillet along with half a green bell pepper and scraps of bacon. Fry until the onion is transparent, then pour it into a kettle, put the beans on top adding very little water and steam slowly for two and one-half hours.

Add either a can of tomato sauce or a small can of tomato puree, and place the okra on top. Cook for a short time and serve steaming hot.

This is my favorite way of cooking string beans.

Mrs. Edna Brown,
Santa Monica, Calif.

* * *

BOUGHT WAR STAMPS

Dear Almanack:

I want to thank you very much for using my recipe. It was certainly a thrill to see it printed in the Almanack.

I bought war stamps with the money I received and I cut the picture which you used above my recipe out and pasted it in my scrap book.

Please accept my sincere thanks. I just can't tell you how much I enjoy the Almanack and you certainly are doing a good service. I'm sure all women who keep house read over all your recipes every Sunday.

Mrs. Mary E. Blythe,
Elsinore, California.

American Weekly Patterns

PATTERN 3622 — Biddies' school or party frock. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6, view A, requires 1⅝ yards 35-inch fabric; view B, 1⅛ yards and ⅛ yard contrast.

PATTERN 3661—Matron's two-piecer. Sizes 32 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Each pattern together with a transfer pattern of charming motifs to embroider on linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

PATTERN 3660 — Two crocheted beanies.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

ARE YOU
WASTING SOAP?

change to the OVAL-SHAPE cake and SAVE!

SOAP LIES FLAT
AIR CAN'T DRY IT!
WASTES INTO JELLY
AIR DRIES OVAL-SHAPE CAKE OF SWEETHEART SOAP SO IT STAYS FIRM - LASTS LONGER!

You *save* soap when you use OVAL-shape SweetHeart Soap! Here's why: it's *rounded top and bottom!* Unlike many soaps that lie flat, it touches the soap dish at only one small part. Thus, air dries it *fast*—helps avoid wasteful "jelly" in the wet soap dish. That big, oval cake of SweetHeart Soap is dainty and firm when you pick it up. And it *stays* that way without breaking apart, down to a small, fragrant sliver.

Change to pure, mild SweetHeart Soap—and see the big difference in *saving* and *daintiness*. Grand for lathery baths, fragrant shampoos and gentle care of your complexion.

Among 8 leading brands, only long-lasting SweetHeart Soap is oval in shape!

SWEETHEART
TOILET SOAP

SPEED VICTORY—DON'T WASTE SOAP

Vital war materials are used in making soap. Don't waste it. Never leave soap in water—keep it in a dry soap dish.

THE SOAP THAT AGREES WITH YOUR SKIN